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for 20 U.S. teams at the
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Next week

FERRARI'S BACK and Scoring's got those melodramatic red racers for 12 hours of vroom. Another Italian marque, Alfa Romeo, is going to be the principal opposition.

THE AUGUSTA everybody forgets! in a preview of the Masters. Dan Jenkins loans the tricky front nine that never sees the light of TV but often proves to play harder than the back.

A STAMPEDE OF SKIERS, well fueled by pride and blueberry soup, sweeps across Sweden in a spectacular 53-mile race reported (from the sidelines) by William Johnson.

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PS Here are the basic provisions of our XL-100 "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty ("PS" for short): If anything goes wrong with your new set within a year from the day you buy it, and it's our fault, we'll pay your repair bill—both parts and complete labor. You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from a special authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Also present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill. If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation, during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.



Minnesota

by
ROBERT McDERMOTT

"...a deep and private gut feeling that draws them back year after year to spend a few days or weeks as someone other than their normal selves."

The Minnesota the French Fur traders found when they drifted down the rivers of Ontario into the broad and peaceful Lake of the Woods was the ancient land of the Chippewa.

"It is a labyrinth of rivers and streams and forest..."

It is a labyrinth of rivers and streams and forest, of lakes of wild rice and waterways dammed by beaver, and of woodlands where deer and moose still forage.

Minnesota can be "away from it all" in a venture to a land that can recall another century, another way of life. In the great North Woods of northern Minnesota the roads are only swaths cut through the endless forest and the great pines crowd the road's edge. The sun, even at the height of summer, cannot penetrate them, and the sunlight is soft and dappled and easy on a man's eyes.

"This is the land the way we found it, the way it must have looked to our grandfathers..."

This is the land the way we found it, the way it must have looked to our great-grandfathers as they moved west to the wheatlands of the Great Plains.

In the far north the woods still run with game, and a man is still expected to know how to handle a canoe. You can rent a canoe, map, and paddle for days through the endless, winding streams that run up into Canada and which once carried the French-Canadian voy-

agers. To venture by canoe into the vast, endless Quetico-Superior region is to experience the wilderness in a way that can profoundly change a man, and that can never be forgotten.

"...a moraine of countless lakes woven through the pine forests..."

Northern Minnesota is a moraine of countless lakes woven through the pine forests, a glacial country that can accommodate the legions of outdoorsmen who escape there from the cities each year, and yet allow each the solitude he seeks.

"People become possessed by the solitude and wilderness and bring their children..."

The Minnesota lake country is of a primeval, almost embarrassing beauty, a land empty of people.

The lake country can become a kind of addiction with men, a deep and private gut feeling that draws them back year after year to spend a few days or weeks as someone other than their "normal" selves. People become possessed by the solitude and the wilderness, and bring their children so that they can learn the same strange feelings.

"The forest can make a philosopher out of the silliest of men."

The forest can make a philosopher out of the silliest of men. Even those who've never dreamed of themselves as outdoorsmen can become captivated by camping in Minnesota's North Woods, and by the tricky art of handling a canoe.

"...one of the continent's most outstanding fishing regions."

Minnesota rates as one of the continent's most outstanding fishing regions, attracting anglers from throughout the U.S. Lakes from one end of the state to the other are famed for muskie and northern pike, great fighting fish that challenge even the master, as well as for lake trout and bass.

The northeast corner of Minnesota is one of America's most primitive and virgin wildernesses, a roadless forest maze of lakes and rivers shared with neighboring Manitoba and Ontario.

"The forests abound with fish and game and silence."

The forests abound with fish and game and silence. And the venturesome can embark on canoe trips that can last for weeks and cover hundreds of miles. Canoes, camping gear, and maps can be rented for a few dollars a week.

The North Woods of Minnesota lie only a couple hours' drive and a century away from Minneapolis and St. Paul, yet by simply being there they contribute to making the Twin Cities among the most inviting and livable cities in the country.

This is Minnesota.

Excerpted from an article in "Western World," the magazine of Western Airlines. Travel writer Robert McDermott recently returned from Ireland where he wrote the script for a network television special, "Doubt's Dublin," starring Donald O'Connor.

If card has been removed, you can get information on Minnesota Vacations by writing:
FREE VACATION KIT, Tourism Division 81, P.O. Box 837, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.

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SHOPWALK

The yo-yo, doled up and looking in its prime, returns for yet another comeback

Hula Hoops may have been a passing fancy, Frisbees may come and go, but the yo-yo returns forever. Last spring, after a decade of absence, this boomerang on a string spun in for one of its perennial comebacks, and by July and August sales were soaring. And the boom goes on, impelled by the yo-yo's recurring appeal to new generations of American youth.

"It's the perfect solar symbol," explained one Greenwich Village vendor who was pushing a \$1.50 model that glows in the dark. "It gives you the feeling you've got the world on a string. The yo-yo is cosmic, man."

The yo-yo is also frequently maligned and made fun of. Parents and teachers see it as a pernicious time-waster and speculate idly about the loss of blood to the end of the string finger. But comedians invoke its name whenever they want a cheap laugh, and the yo-yo has a remarkably steady appeal. "It's like the loomis," observed a sales rep for the Louis Marx toy empire, which sells a "jumbo" model almost six inches in diameter for about \$1. "The craze returns every seven years."

Actually, it is less regular than that. The "peak" yo-yo years have been 1931, 1938, 1948, 1951 and 1961—years that sociologists may wish to examine for some common theme. Upheaval? Conflict? Sunspots? Whatever it is, the disease is catching. During the 1961 craze, Norman Vincent Peale and Jerry Lewis reportedly owned polished walnut yo-yos set off with gold nameplates. If Bob Hope doesn't own one, he should; he probably has had more to do with its popularity than anyone.

If the current revival has anything to distinguish it, it is variety and style. The Gorham Company is selling a \$10 sterling-silver yo-yo that has had a brisk reception. "We've sold plenty," said W. C. Dinkie of Gorham's New York office. "We filled one order from somebody who wanted 25 of them for a board of directors meeting." Manhattan jeweler Arlene Altman is making golden yo-yo necklaces (\$75 to \$250) at her firm called Golden Nonsense.

Such frivolity is not for the hard-core yo-yoist, who wants a no-nonsense working toy that can perform "spider webs," "around-the-world" and a dozen or so other maneuvers that come with instructions on the trickier models. For the novice, however, the yo-yo remains one of the cheapest forms of time-wasting. Back in the 1930s a kid could buy for a dime a sturdy wooden yo-yo that held up well during any street-corner contest. Wooden yo-yos are still available, but the price has gone up. The Fil-Bac beginner's model now sells for a quar-

continued

ter The Sock-it Company, which markets the Flo-Back model, also has a Whirl Master that sells for about \$9c. Plastic yo-yos are more expensive than the wooden ones, but they supposedly last longer. These include the 60c "Big D" Trickster ("it sleeps, it walks") by Dell Plastics and the famous Duncan yo-yo that comes in five colors (purple, red, yellow, green and "see-through").

The Duncan toys are manufactured by Flambeau Plastics, a company in Baraboo, Wis., which is the General Motors of the yo-yo industry. Their line starts with the Beginner, for 59c, followed by the Special for 79c, the Imperial (a tournament favorite) for \$1, the Butterfly (it does "backwards" tricks), also \$1, and the Glow Imperial, a model that shines in the dark and sells for \$1.29.

The name Duncan has dominated the U.S. yo-yo scene for more than 40 years. According to legend, the late Donald F. Duncan, who was also the brain behind the parking meter, invented the yo-yo, or at least devised the double-string variation. Not so. The best you can say is that he discovered the yo-yo for America back in the late 1920s. A Filipino named Pedro Flores had brought one of them to Los Angeles and was drawing large sidewalk crowds with his astonishing tricks with the device. Duncan purchased the rights from Flores for \$25,000, according to yo-yo demonstrator George Sortera, 65, who worked with Duncan from the beginning.

Duncan registered the word yo-yo as his own brand name, but it is actually a Filipino word meaning "come back" or "return." The original inventor is lost in antiquity, but its first uses were as weapons by the early Philippine Islanders, who later adopted it as a national sport. It surfaced in places like ancient Greece as the "dix," in 18th-century England as "bandalore," "incroyable" and "quar" and subsequently in France as "Ternigrette."

Before he died last May, Duncan had overseen the production of a veritable galaxy of yo-yos—20 million in 1981 alone, the record. In 1968, unfortunately, he anticipated a boom that never boomed, and he ended up with a lot of unsold yo-yos and a state of bankruptcy. Flambeau bought the Duncan name and now carries on the old tradition, even to the roving bands of promotional demonstrators who appear at toy stores and shopping centers.

One of the facets of the current revival is the penetration of the college market. One Flambeau executive thinks this stems from a kind of cultural deprivation. "I think a lot of college kids missed it when they were growing up." One New York games analyst put it this way:

"The yo-yo answers people's needs for fun and mischief. The yo-yo always returns because the yo-yo is important."

—MARY REINHOLD

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IN SWEDEN, YOU DRIVE A GOOD CAR. OR ELSE.

Cars in Sweden are subject to spot inspections at any time. It's part of a continuing campaign to rid the road of defective cars. Any car that fails is taken off the road.

Cars over one year old have to go through the annual automobile inspections as well. And it isn't easy. 200 components are thoroughly examined. If your car fails, you're either served with a summons ordering you to have it fixed. Fast. Or you're forbidden to drive it at all. It has to be towed away.

So when Swedes buy a new car, how well it will do in the inspections is one of their biggest concerns. And they can get a good idea of just how well that will be. Published reports give the results on all cars sold in Sweden.

Obviously, these reports can really hurt an automobile manufacturer if they're bad. Or really help him if they're good.

The largest selling car in Sweden is Volvo.

You see, when we build a Volvo, how well it will do in the inspections is one of our biggest concerns too.

Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.



VOLVO

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WHOSE SIDE IS WHO ON?

Critics who say baseball is dull and football brutal have had things to say about basketball, too, but they can't deny that it's interesting. Especially off court. When Jim McDaniels jumped from the ABA Carolina Cougars to the NBA Seattle SuperSonics and Charlie Scott from the ABA Virginia Squires to the NBA Phoenix Suns, it was a double triumph for the NBA, right? But last Friday the NBA New York Knicks protested their defeat by the Suns because of Scott's presence, and Abe Pollin, owner of the NBA Baltimore Bullets, came right out and said he thought McDaniels should still be in the ABA with Carolina. Baltimore beat Seattle Friday night, but Pollin said he would have lodged a protest if the Sonics had won. "I wanted to show my personal feelings in the matter," he said. "I don't approve of this action. It is my belief that McDaniels has a valid contract with Carolina."

Lenny Wilkens, Seattle's coach, was astounded. "Are they [the Bullets] in the NBA or not?" he demanded. "Aren't we supposed to listen to what the commissioner says? That's just sour grapes."

It all jibes with the latest gag going around. "I belong to no organized sport," said the athlete. "I'm a professional basketball player."

JUSTICE IS BLIND

The NCAA tries so hard to enforce its rules and has so much trouble doing it without getting egg on its face. At a time when the question of amateur vs. professional continues to rack sport, when hooraw and contretemps rage over pro basketball teams invading campuses to sign collegiate athletes, the NCAA moved with Rhadamanthine sternness to penalize two Far Western Conference schools for the crime of using players who had failed to complete their four seasons of eligibility within five years.

The rule, a logical one, is designed to prevent colleges from keeping marginal athletes around campus year after

year until they are ready for varsity action. But when it was invoked to bar San Francisco State and Sacramento State from the NCAA college-division Western Regional playoffs, the letter of the law corrupted its spirit. San Francisco State's squad, which averages 25 years a man this season (SCORECARD, Feb. 7), included a 30-year-old who began his college career in 1961, left school and some years later returned. Sacramento State had a 28-year-old who followed the same pattern.

S. I. Hayakawa, president of San Francisco State, protested the ruling to the NCAA, pointing out that the Far Western Conference does not allow athletic scholarships, grants-in-aid or other direct aid. The conference prides itself on fostering a competitive environment where students can play a sport for the fun of it. He said the two colleges had been punished for no other reason than that two relatively old students liked basketball well enough to want to compete, obviously without recompense and now, too, without even the fun of getting to play in a postseason tournament.

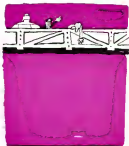
UNYOUTHFUL OFFENDER

The Far Western Conference predicament has an apparent parallel at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. A student there named Caesar Smith helped his track team in a triangular meet with Peru State and Marymount College by running a half mile in the stately time of 2:05, which was good enough for fourth place and one point for his team. But Smith is 35 years old. Back in the mid-1950s he was the Iowa State high school 440 champion, and later, at the University of Iowa, where he roomed with Olympian Deacon Jones, he won the Big Ten indoor 600. He left school to enter the Army, rose to major and now, married, with five children, has gone to college again under the Army's "Bootstrap" program, through which career officers can earn their bachelor's degrees.

Back on campus, Smith began running again, painfully aware of how far off his youthful form he was. Still, when the Rocky Mountain Conference said he was eligible to compete, he began to run in meets. Yet more than 15 years have passed since he first competed as a varsity athlete. How can the NCAA stand idly by in the face of such a violation? Well, there is a wise clause in the four-seasons-in-five-years rule that exempts those who have left college to serve in the armed forces. Smith, thus, is not only admirable, he is clean. Good for Smith. Good for the NCAA. It should have been as wise in the Far Western Conference affair.

TRAGIC

Tom Johnson, resident of St. Ignace, Mich., a town at the northern end of the Mackinac Bridge, the imposing span that crosses the Straits of Mackinac to join Upper and Lower Michigan, drove



his car to the middle of the five-mile-long bridge, stopped, got out, walked to the railing. He stood reflectively gazing down into the chill waters of the strait. A bridge guard in a patrol car saw him, sped to the spot, screeched to a halt and ran to the railing in an attempt to avert the tragedy.

Too late. With fatalistic calmness, Johnson deliberately dropped his bowling ball, his bowling shoes and his bowling bag over the side of the bridge

continued

Rating th

In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3 RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4 TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slalom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor and

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3 RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4 TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5 TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6 TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suit-

Although radial tires are big news in the U.S. today, they have been widely used in Europe—and increasingly preferred—for the past fifteen years.

To a European motorist, the question today is not whether to get a radial, but what kind of a radial to get.

To help answer that question, two of Europe's leading motoring magazines—"Auto Motor und Sport" and "Auto Zeitung"—conducted exhaustive track tests of the most famous European radial tires. (Test criteria are described above.)

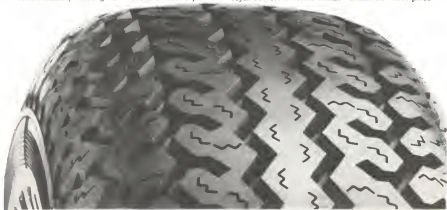
The results show that steel-belted radials as a group received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials, winning both first and second places

in 1969, 1970 and 1971. They did not, of course, win in every test category.

The steel-belted radial tires have a built-in advantage which was not included in these tests—substantially greater protection against cuts and punctures—because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire. (Cuts are the major cause of tire failure, by the way.)

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place



e radials.

radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
2 ND	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
3 RD	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
4 TH	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
6 TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

ability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

overall in three out of four of the above series of tests — is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

Other companies are beginning to offer you steel-belted radials. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, there are only two tire companies in the world that have this much experience in making steel-belted radials—Michelin and Uniroyal.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
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and 152 feet down into watery oblivion.

"I had to do it," he told the guard. "The way I was bowling this week the only thing to do was throw the whole mess where I couldn't be tempted again."

SLOPES OF SPRING

Most U.S. ski resorts would be delighted to have a six-foot base of snow any time. Yet in Utah ski areas will close up for the season with that much snow still decorating their runs. "It happens every year," says Charles Morton of Alta. "The first of May comes around and our slopes are empty. We could run lifts into June, if we could find skiers." Bill Leavitt, mayor of Alta and owner of a lodge that serves the Alta and Snowbird areas, says, "American skiers are used to wrapping things up on the Easter weekend. In most areas, this is because there is no snow. Here we have snow, but most people are golfing or winter skiing. Easterners just don't think we can have good spring skiing, but when you get 40 feet of snow each year there has to be some left over for spring."

HYP0

National Football League owners have been fretting about a falloff in scoring (SI, Feb. 14). Total points per game dropped from 42 in 1969 to 38 last year and, although the public doesn't seem to be worried about the loss of a field goal and an extra point, the owners, who met last week in Honolulu, obviously are. To hypo scoring they are considering making a touchdown worth seven points (but the extra point is almost automatic, anyway), increase the ratio of touchdowns to field goals by moving the goalposts to the back of the end zone (but that lengthens field-goal range by only 10 yards), forcing defensive linemen to stay put once they are in position (that changes the whole philosophy of today's fluid defense); allow backs to run in all directions before the snap of the ball (which is Canadian football); or widen the field (a real departure from tradition).

The owners should leave the game alone. The offense-defense pendulum swings back and forth, and offense is due to begin catching up. But if they must make changes, here are three that would open up the game without destroying its character:

1) Move the hash mark to the middle of the field, so that the offense has equal

mobility to right or left on pass or run; 2) return the ball to the line of scrimmage after a missed field goal, which would discourage 40-yard-plus attempts and encourage running or passing on fourth and short yardage from the same range; 3) eliminate ties by making every game sudden death.

INSTANT FISH

What has "truck following" got to do with fishing? Well, a truck follower is a fisherman who waits at the hatchery for the stocking truck to be loaded. Then he follows the truck as it makes its way to a stream or lake and is practically sitting there waiting when the hatchery fish hit the water. It is not unusual to see half a dozen cars trailing along behind the stocking truck. The fish hardly get their fins damp before they are in a creel.

Now, in the state of Maryland, at any rate, the fish are getting a little help. A new regulation bans fishing for several days in freshly stocked waters. This gives the fish a chance to find a hole or two in which to lurk and the fishermen an opportunity to exercise old-fashioned angling skills that they might otherwise have forgotten.

WASHOUT

The Seattle SuperSonics, who have never made the NBA playoffs in their five years in the league, saw their chances of doing it this season slip away a couple of weeks ago when Spencer Haywood, the team's top scorer and rebounder, was injured. Haywood tore a ligament in his right knee when he skidded in a puddle of water on his way downcourt. Now he is out for the season and his team, which had been battling the Golden State Warriors for second place in the Pacific Division, is dripping downward in the standings.

Accumulations of water ranging from damp spots to obvious puddles are part of the Seattle Coliseum scene whenever it rains heavily outside, something that rarely happens more than three times a day at this time of year in the Northwest. Towel-wielding boys stand by around the edge of the court and dash onto the playing area to wipe up when the flow of action permits. In Haywood's case, there had not been time to mop.

The Sonics say they have complained about the situation to the city for years but received no significant help. Now

they have gone to court. They want the roof fixed, and they also want damages commensurate to the amount they figure they would have earned if Haywood had remained healthy and the team had not been dribbled out of the playoffs.

IN OR OUT?

First Ping-Pong, then President Nixon. Can the Olympics be far behind? Jack Kelly, president of the AAU, sent a note to Premier Chou En-lai inviting the People's Republic of China to join the International Amateur Athletic Federation. "Once they are members of the IAAF," Kelly said, "they would be eligible for recognition by the International Olympic Committee." Kelly is not quite accurate—Red China would have to have membership in at least five international sport federations before it could be eligible for Olympic participation. A bigger snag, as in Red China's entrance to the U.N., lies in Taiwan. The Nationalist Chinese have been in the IAAF and the Olympic movement for years. Avery Brundage and the IOC would welcome Red China with open arms but would resist dropping an old and loyal member of the lodge. So there will be an impasse and no Red China—unless a traumatic U.N.-type solution is worked out.

THEY SAID IT

• Benny Scott, who hopes to become the first black driver to qualify for the Indianapolis 500 in 1973, on equal opportunities in the sport: "Is big-league auto racing lily white? I would say so. But it isn't a redneck sport. Racing requires large sums of money and blacks are just reaching the point they are able to get together large sums of money. Auto racing is not like basketball or football, where you can put together a few bucks, buy a ball and go down to the local parks and play."

• Bobby Hull, at the ceremony retiring Gordie Howe's uniform No. 9: "I've played 14 years against and with the greatest of us all, and I've enjoyed every high-sticking minute of it."

• O. J. Simpson, Buffalo Bill running back, who owns a \$100,000-plus house a few miles from Wilt Chamberlain's \$1.5 million home in Bel Air, Calif., after attending a party at Chamberlain's: "Going home tonight will be like going back to the housing projects where I grew up in San Francisco."

END



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WELCOME TO THE BALL

This year John Wooden and UCLA will be hosts for the annual NCAA party, which is sufficient in itself to produce hangovers among their guests even before the festivities begin

by WILLIAM F. REED

When UCLA's John Wooden checks the guest list for that little party he is throwing out in Los Angeles this week, he will notice that many of his anticipated visitors had to send their regrets. South Carolina and Penn called in sick from Morgantown, W. Va., where they came down with a bad case of the Carolina blues. Marquette's handwagon got a flat tire in Dayton, so the Warriors will be replaced by some cool dudes who will be lucky to get in and out of Hollywood without someone rating them X. And Southwestern Louisiana, which came to Ames, Iowa singing "Dwight Lamar, superstar, show them you are what you say you are," had such a crummy time that it turned around and disappeared into the Bayou country from which it sprang.

They all will be missed in Los Angeles, but the party will go on, make no mistake about that. Chain-smoking Dean Smith will be there to wow everyone with his North Carolina Tar Heels, the strongest team to come out of the East in years. So will cocky young Denny Crum, Wooden's erstwhile understudy, who comes back home with a veteran Louisville team that the master himself would be proud to call his own. And so will what's-its-name, the gate-crasher. Who, in fact, invited the Florida State Seminoles, those jumping jacks with the wide Afros and hungry looks?

Like one of the instant burninees that pop up every so often off the Florida coast, the Seminoles whirled through last week's Midwest Regional and into the NCAA tournament's title round before anybody knew they were there. They are the most unlikely guests at Wooden's party, where the Bruins are expected to present their 61-year-old coach with his sixth straight championship and eighth in the last nine years. One reason is that the Seminoles are fresh out

of the NCAA's jailhouse, having just done a three-year stretch for various recruiting violations. Another is that they simply are not buying this stuff about UCLA having a lock on the title, that everyone is just flying out to the Coast to soak up some sun and gee whiz at the antics of Bill Walton & Co. "They're

overlooking us," says Florida State playmaker Otto Petty, who at 5' 7" is easy to overlook, "but we're going to show everybody."

Such enthusiasm is SOP when a team gets as far as the NCAA semifinals, and it is especially charming in a man of Petty's size, but even he would admit



Pist-size foes in a quart-size contest were Kentucky's Lyons and Florida State's Petty

after last week's regionals that the tournament shapes up more than ever as another Wooden bash. Playing in the West Regional in Provo, Utah, the Bruins turned in a couple of typically overwhelming performances, destroying little Weber State 90-58 on Thursday night, then ripping highly regarded Long Beach State 73-57 Saturday afternoon.

For Jerry Tarkanian, the Long Beach coach, the pressure began building early. The UCLA band, by some freaky twist of fate, was quartered right below the 49ers at the Holiday Inn in Provo. Some Long Beach sympathizers claimed the band practiced all night, and Tarkanian confirmed that its rehearsing awoke him at 8:30 a.m. "I don't care," he said, "I'm not playing the band." Soon afterward Tarkanian had his team out in the motel parking lot working on its strategy for UCLA. "This is our chance," he said. "I wish I had more time to prepare."

Before the opening tip Walton and Long Beach's Ed Ratleff, possibly the best two players in the country, stood at midcourt, laughing and talking and clapping hands, wrists and arms. It was a fine display of fellowship and sportsmanship, something that disappeared almost as soon as the officials blew their whistles and tossed the ball up. The game, one of the roughest of the season, featured a lot of clandestine punching and shoving under the boards. Throughout, Wooden was off the bench, yelling at the officials and even going so far as to say one Long Beach player should be ashamed of himself. On the other side, Long Beach's Leonard Gray said that Walton was "the biggest cry-baby in the world," and Ratleff charged that the Bruins "get away with so much on defense it's ridiculous."

The Bruins won the game in typical coldblooded fashion. With Walton intimidating inside and Henry Bibby popping away from the perimeter of Long Beach's zone, the Bruins pulled into a 17-10 lead. Next their press forced a couple of quick turnovers, and suddenly it was 24-12. By then Walton, for one, knew the Bruins had the game under control. In a huddle he grabbed Wooden's arm and said, "Hey, hey, easy, easy," then told his teammates, "Get it to me over their heads. I've got it beat."

continued



Tar Heel Danville Wycik, who makes 83 percent of his shots, rammed through Quakers.

And so he did. The Bruins never stopped pressing, and Bibby, who had 23 points for the game, never stopped hitting from outside.

The Bruins' opponent in this week's semifinal, Louisville, is a sort of UCLA of the Midwest, as Lefty Driesell might put it. Coached by Crum, who played for Wooden, assisted under him for three years and recruited Walton and almost all the rest of the current team, the Cardinals use UCLA's high-post offense and have tried their pressure defense.

Louisville won its trip to Los Angeles by defeating Kansas State 72-65 in the final of the Midwest Regional at Ames, but that game was anticlimactic. Everyone knew that dull ol' Kansas State, the Big Eight champ, simply was too big and ploddy to keep up with Jim Price, a Walt Frazier sort of guard, and Ron Thomas, one of the best 6' 6" rebounders in the country. In reality the Cards won their place among the final four on Thursday night, when they came from behind to shoot down Dwight Lamar, the major colleges' leading scorer, and his fellow Ragin' Cajuns from Southwestern Louisiana, 88-84.

The Cajuns' problems began two days before the game when Roy Ebron, their talented 6' 9" center, came down with a bad chest cold. He tried to practice Wednesday but went only five minutes and was sent back to bed. Against Louisville, Ebron played like the sick man he was. He scored just one point in the first half, moved around sluggishly under the boards and picked up his third foul less than 10 minutes into the game. Even so the Cajuns seemed to have their run-and-gun game going right out the door toward L.A. They led 30-16 at one point and 44-39 at intermission.

But early in the second half Lamar went cold, as he is apt to do on occasion. With Price dogging him constantly, Lamar missed everything he shot the first 10 minutes of the period, and the team got only five baskets as Louisville pulled into a 66-60 lead. The Cajuns began to claw back in the warning moments, but each time they made a run at Louisville they were stymied by some rather curious officiating. Even with Coach Beryl Shipley raging on the bench—he was called for a technical that led to three key Louisville points in the closing moments—the Cajuns got the score down to 86-82 and had 1:04 left. But Price twisted in for a layup, and



Henry Bibby and his UCLA teammates flew over Long Beach as they had over everybody else.

Crum was en route to a reunion with Wooden and the Bruins.

Meanwhile, back there in Dayton, Florida State was being its anonymous self, which might have been a good thing. While the fans were cheering Adolph Rupp's "last" Kentucky team, booing Coach Bill Musselman and his Minnesota Gophers and watching in disbelief as Marquette self-destructed right before their eyes, the Seminoles just rolled in. For Coach Hugh Durham it was the stuff of dreams. "Every year when we were on probation I would dream about getting to the finals," he said. "Now—boom—I'm there."

On Thursday night Kentucky upset Marquette 85-69 in what was by far the

Wildcats' best showing of the season. Often referred to by the caustic Rupp as "a bunch of clowns" and "the worst varsity I've ever had," Kentucky on this night was a smooth, poised team that outrebounded, outhot, outlasted and even outguessed favored Marquette. The key was 5' 10" Ronnie Lyons, a red-headed wonder who puffs and blows like a thoroughbred as he races all around the floor. Thanks to his quickness, Kentucky broke the Warriors' full-court press time and again for easy baskets. On the other end the Wildcats' zone defense—"our milling-around zone," as UK Assistant Joe Hall called it—shut off Marquette's inside game and forced Allie McGuire and Marcus Washington



left his team spent. "We were tired," he said, shaking his head.

By Saturday everyone was saying how nice it would be if Rupp could take his last Kentucky team to the finals. Even Durham, a Louisville native who rooted for the Wildcats as a boy, sometimes seemed apologetic about being the man who stood in Rupp's way. But Florida State showed no mercy once the game got going, and again the team's defense—and Otto Petty—was the difference.

Forcing Kentucky into numerous turnovers and rallying their running game around their tiny guard, the Seminoles pulled into a 34-28 lead at halftime. In the second period they stopped Kentucky's offense cold, something few teams have done, and even KU's fans were booing and screaming "shoot it!" Lyons finally hit a jumper, but State had the game in hand 57-45. Afterward Rupp, who has reached the mandatory retirement age of 70, refused to concede this was his ultimate gasp.

Writer: "Is this your last game?"

Rupp: "When I have an announcement to make, it will come out of Lexington, not here."

Writer: "When?"

Rupp: "Oh, maybe six or eight years from now. [Pause] Then again, maybe I'll announce it on the way home so they can broadcast it all around the world."

Ron King led Florida State with 22 points and was voted MVP, but some insisted the honor should have gone to Petty. He came off the bench to score 13 points, make eight assists and—*are you ready?*—get six rebounds.

At Morgantown, North Carolina came on with such superb back-to-back performances that many fans were beginning to wonder if, finally, a serious challenger to UCLA had emerged. On Thursday the Tar Heels' aggressive defense held South Carolina's Tom Riker without a field goal until 6:40 remained in the game, and they buried the Gamecocks 92-69. But Penn fans were equally excited about their team's performance in a 78-67 win over Villanova, the school that had embarrassed the Quakers in last year's regional.

Come game time and North Carolina was out gut-checking Penn man-to-man all over the floor. The Quakers made enough free throws—nine of nine—to trail by only 37-35 at the half, but in the second period they began to come

unglued under the pressure. Led by Dennis Wuyck, Carolina picked apart the Quakers' zone. Penn's Corky Calhoun was not aggressive on offense, Bob Morse looked exhausted and Phil Hankinson could not hit. When North Carolina got ahead by 11, Smith sent the Tar Heels into their four-corner offense, and the game was over.

The Tar Heels were so impressive—and so well-coached by Smith—that it is hard to believe they will not pop Florida State's bubble and move into the final opposite UCLA, which should be an easy winner over Louisville. The Tar Heels' chances then would depend on how well UCLA can stand a dose of its own medicine—pressure defense—and whether 6'9" center Bob McAdoo can go outside and score with his high arched shots over Walton. If North Carolina's press fails, or if McAdoo is intimidated by Walton, the Bruins will become the first undefeated national champions since the Bruins were the undefeated national champions five years ago in Lew Alcindor's sophomore year.

"I don't think much about win streaks and things like that," said Walton one day a few weeks ago, "but I would hate to be on the first UCLA team that finally loses the big one. Then nobody will remember that you had a good season, that you were 29-1 or something like that. They will remember only that you were the UCLA team that didn't go all the way. I wouldn't like that."

He shouldn't worry. Unless he and his teammates slide into the Pacific Ocean before next Saturday afternoon Coach John Wooden's party should go off just as planned. Champagne, anyone? **END**



A blond Kentuckian had the NCAA drive.

into nightmarish shooting. Together they hit nine of 39 from the floor.

The Wildcats figured to have a rougher time with Florida State, which ousted Minnesota 70-56 in a dull game that had the fans heading for the exits midway through the second half. The Gophers' storied zone defense failed to stop Rowland Garrett, who scored 23 points and grabbed 11 rebounds even as State's man-to-man and zones reduced the Minnesota offense to one hopeless jump shot after another. "Since we've come to town all we've heard about is their defense," said Durham. "Well, tonight our defense was the best one on the floor." Afterward Musselman implied that Minnesota's holy war in the Big Ten had

THEY'RE SWEET 16 AND DESERVE A KISS

The U.S. women's track team upset Russia in Richmond as two astonished 16-year-olds beat their elders in the 880 and the mile **by PAT PUTNAM**

As far as the U.S. women's team was concerned, the only difference between last week's track meet against the U.S.S.R. in the Richmond Coliseum and the 10 that preceded it was that this was the first to be held indoors. Of the previous 10, the Russians had won nine. Laughing. "We might get three firsts," said Grant Dunger, one of the U.S. coaches. He ticked them off: Patty Johnson in the 60-yard dash; Martha Watson in the long jump.

As usual, the fond hope was that the U.S. men's team, which had won eight of the 10 earlier meets, would pile up enough points for an overall victory. Fat chance. The U.S. women had not only lost in the past, they had lost so badly that the U.S. men had been able to overcome the deficit just twice. And this time the U.S. women's hopes resided in a bunch of girls.

On the morning of the meet, four members of the kiddie corps sat in a downtown Richmond restaurant and pondered their fate. The oldest was Kathy Gibbons, 17, of Phoenix, who would run the anchor leg on the two-mile-relay team. The youngest was Sue Parks, 15, of Ypsilanti, Mich., who would run the first leg. Then there were Carol Hudson, who was entered in the half, and Debbie Heald, who would be in the mile against Russia's Tamara Pangelova, 26, and Ludmila Braghina, 28. Carol, of Highland, N. Mex., and Debbie, of La Mirada, Calif., are 16. Earlier this month, Pangelova set the world indoor record for 1,500 meters (4:14.6) in the European championships. Braghina was second.

Mirrored Debbie Heald wins the mile and establishes world indoor record of 4:08.5.

As well as adolescence, the four teenagers had another common bond: fear. But they were young enough to be amused by it. Their thoughts skipped from Debbie's inability to read 70 pages of biology homework, to the previous night's pillow fight, to the drunks who kept them awake by singing Irish songs, to the town going to bed at 10 p.m. and, apparently, taking Richmond's supply of Coke with it. And always to the Russians.

"You go against the Russians and you hope to catch them on an off-day," said Debbie. "I figure I'll finish fourth."

Kathy shrugged. "You can't expect miracles."

"I don't have a totally negative attitude," Debbie said. "Something could happen."

Kathy looked doubtful. "They're so strong. But give us four more years."

"If people would only wait for us to grow up," Debbie said.

"People don't understand what we're up against," said Sue. "They want to know why we don't win. In Berkeley last year I jumped the best I ever had, but I finished last. What am I supposed to do? The Russian high-jumps six feet and right now I can't. And people criticize me."

The day of the meet, Debbie Heald awoke with the hope that she would run a 4:42 or a 4:44; her personal best was 4:47. "The 4:42 is my realistic dream," she explained, "but you also have to have an outside dream. This time mine is a 4:40. I'd love that."

For breakfast she had a waffle, a race-day superstition. Then she slipped on her lucky T shirt, put on her lucky low-cut golf socks with blue and yellow fuzzy balls, and set off to test her dreams. "I feel sorry for Doris Brown," she said. "She must be under a lot of pressure to win. She's our best miler and people ex-

pect it. Me, they can't expect much of and so I've got nothing to lose, have I?"

If there was any pressure, Doris Brown, a 29-year-old phys-ed teacher at Seattle Pacific College and five-time winner of the international cross-country championship, was handling it. Long ago she decided she would run against people, not nations or ideologies or causes. "To a lot of people we have to beat the Russians. But, really, this meet is only a chance for some very fine competition against friends. People come up and say 'Good luck. Beat those Russians. Go get 'em.' I feel hypocritical always saying 'Yes. Thank you.' Sometimes I feel like saying, 'Hey, look, they're people too, just like you. Why make something else out of it?'"

"Yeah, they're people," said Denise Wood, a 21-year-old shotputter, "but they are so much better than us. I know I'll get slaughtered."

Denise's personal best is 47' 9½". Her opponents were Antonia Ivanova, who has a best of 62' 1¼", and Yelena Korableva, who has hit 57' 10". Two nights before the meet Denise met Yelena at a banquet. "I was afraid to see them," she said. "I expected them to be real masculine and all. But Yelena, well, she's big, but she's very feminine. But I haven't seen Ivanova. Probably because I'm afraid to."

If Denise was avoiding the Russians, the Russians weren't avoiding the Americans. "Our Yelena Ringa told me she likes to watch the American girls because they are so much in fashion," said Yuri Darakhvelidze, a writer for *Soviet Sport*. "They all dress so well. And all our men say, 'They are so young.' Our women don't say anything about that. They don't like that."

As expected, the U.S. girls jumped into an early lead. Patty Johnson won the hurdles in 7.4, an American indoor record, with Lacey O'Neal second in 7.5. Iris Davis and Martha Watson were one-two in the dash, both being timed in 6.6.

Coach Grant Dungee's prediction was fulfilled when Martha Watson won the long jump with an American indoor record leap of 21' ¾". That gave the U.S. girls a 13-point lead. Still, the public-address announcer sounded as though he was asking Marie Antoinette

to approach the guillotine as he called the field for the 880. Up stepped Wendy Koenig of Estes Park, Colo., and Carol Hudson, a pair of nervous 16-year-olds. "You can do it," Wendy said to herself. "Don't worry. They're just mee people. It's O.K. No problem."

Then the gun went off. Two minutes and 11 seconds later Wendy broke the tape, with the Russians still en route and Carol in between them. As she finished, Wendy thought, "No way. I didn't really do it. Oh, wow!"

Momentarily stunned, the Russians turned to their mile ace, Tamara Pangelova, to get them moving. They set off, with Pangelova taking charge, Doris Brown second, Braghna third and Debbie Heald fourth. They did the quarter in 0:57. "Hey, that's good," thought Debbie. "But it doesn't feel that fast. I feel good." She felt so good she zipped around Braghna and then Doris, and that surprised her. "You're passing Doris," she thought. "You must be doing better than you thought." She started to think about finishing second. But with two laps to go, Doris powered past her and she thought, "Oh, well, it was fun while it lasted."

That's all Doris remembers of the race. She ran the last two laps blacked out. She doesn't remember Debbie passing her on the final lap, or the roar of the crowd as the teen-ager took off after Pangelova, passed her with 20 yards to go and won in an indoor-world-record 4:38.5.

Debbie tried to figure out how she had won, but after a few moments she gave up and laughed. "When I went past the Russian off the turn, it seemed like they were moving the tape and I was running in place. When I finally reached it, it was the greatest."

The clincher was left to Kathy Hammond, only 20 but a seasoned internationalist and one of the U.S.'s top quarter-milers. She was in the 600 and she was worried that the distance might be too long. The race had been planned as a 500, but the Russians don't like short races and they insisted it be 600. Kathy has run 500 yards in 1:06.3, the indoor world record. "I don't like the idea of that extra distance," she said. "But after the way those two kids ran, how

can I let them down. I'll just go out fast and hope I can hold on." Streaking into the lead from the start, Kathy won in 1:20.5 for the U.S. girls' second world record.

That gave them a 44-22 lead, and while there were still three events to go, there weren't enough points left for the Rus-



Fearful Wendy Koenig is embraced by teammate Jane Frederick after winning the 880

sians to catch up. Although the U.S.S.R. swept the shot, the high jump and the two-mile relay, the U.S. girls' final margin was 52-43. And with the men winning 79-69, the U.S. wound up with its third overall title.

As the crowd filed from the Coliseum, Wendy Koenig set off in search of Debbie Heald. The two teen-agers had decided to celebrate with a bottle of Coke. If they could find one anywhere in Richmond.

END



VIDA BLUE STARS IN THE GREAT BATHROOM FARCE

"Here's the pitch," said the MVP to Charlie Finley, but it was a sales pitch for an item called an Over-John, not a fastball, and it meant that baseball's biggest attraction was holding out for more than \$30,000 **by RON REID**

On the surface, it looked like the biggest put-on since Sam Yorty's election campaign or a Clifford Irving quote, with the tone of the moment set by a sheepish grin and a sudden snicker.

This, then, was Vida Blue's press conference last week in Oakland and, for holding an audience in serious heed, one suspects that Harold Stassen or Chicken Little did better. For after baseball's best young pitcher (see cover) preparedly stated that he was through with the game at the doddering age of 22, nonbelievers outnumbered Blue believers by odds approaching the Texas Rangers' pennant chances this season.

Vida didn't help the solemnity, of course. Looking for all the world like a kid caught with both feet and a catcher's mitt in the cookie jar, he smiled when he said he was junking his job with the Oakland Athletics for an executive position with Dura Steel Products Co. of Santa Fe Springs, Calif. At the mention of what his title would be, "... Vice-president of Public Relations," his giggle-snicker-chuckle erupted, born either of nervousness or humor, and he said, "Hold it. I'm serious," to make it seem even less so.

That Dura Steel's hottest market item is a toilet cabinet called the Over-John made things even more ludicrous, and one could envision Judge Landis somewhere at 10,000 rpm's, while snide commentary was the order of the Bay Area's evening newscasts. Gene Hackman would have won better acceptance from

the media had he announced his intention to teach driver education.

But for those with persistent faith, Blue's announcement was rife with trouble for a league that can ill afford more of it and additionally vexing to baseball's sainted reserve clause, which would do battle in the Supreme Court (the Curt Flood case) four days later, a historic masterstroke of timing.

An official retirement, however, it wasn't. Toward such end, Blue would have to notify the A's in writing, have it approved by the league office and then Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and be idled for no less than 60 days. Even as the nation's most durable holdout, it was highly unlikely that Vida would go that far—or that he would bag baseball in 1972 for the noble cause of bathroom appurtenances. Tinged with racial overtones and shades of farce, Blue's contract hassle with A's Owner Charles O. Finley had grown into the top serialized drama of spring training, with villains to match any outlook. Daytime TV should have it so good.

For those who disdain uppity kids asking for the world and time before proper, humble apprenticeship, there was Blue, trying to go from a \$14,750 salary to \$92,500 or suitable alternative in a single season, unlike any second-year man before him. Obviously, with those kinds of ideas, the kid belongs somewhere on the ABA draft list. For greater Kansas City and those who boo the massa, there was Alabama-bred Finley, again exhib-

continued

When Vida and Charlie were not in fruitless conversation, Vida was kissing babies, shooting pool and throwing a ball around

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED KAPLAN

iting plantation-owner mentality toward one of the field hands he expects to shuffle off toward the mound. Bittered for dubious appreciation, he said adamantly that \$50,000 was his final, absolute offer, and small wonder Vida's fans confuse Charlie with Avery Brundage.

Then we have Robert J. Gerst, the Los Angeles attorney whom Vida retained to pry the loose change away from Charlie, now taking increasing abuse from fans of both camps despite some telling indictments of the reserve clause that Finley invoked against Blue. The grousers are calling Gerst a bigger grandstander than Finley, blaming him for the whole wretched situation and wondering why did Vida have to go and mess with a lawyer?

The only thing seemingly beyond bad-mouthing in *l'affaire Blue* is the Over-John, a cabinet approximately 20 inches wide that resembles a medicine chest with two doors instead of one. It sits above the water chest of the average, familiar toilet, at eye-level, and is equipped with storage shelves. A hardware man says, "It's a wonderful innovation," retailing at \$16.95.

If blame must be assessed in the situation, and it seems a necessity for Bay Area fans, you can start with Blue. Vida is at least partly at fault for the athletic limbo he now endures, quite aside from the fact that he angered Finley by retaining an attorney. The salary deadlock, after all, was spawned when Blue produced some awesome results out of keeping with his paltry wages of last year, when Richard Nixon recognized him as baseball's most underpaid superstar.

As any American Leaguer can tell you, Vida Blue is the brilliant young southpaw who compiled a 24-8 record in his first full tour with the majors. Doubly blessed with speed and control, he was chiefly responsible for the A's easy, 16-game acquisition of the AL West as he toiled superbly through 312 innings to a 1.82 earned run average. If that were not impressive enough, Finley's superbargain from Mansfield, La. won the Cy Young Award (its youngest recipient ever), the MVP trophy and an All-Star Game, which he started along with 40 other contests. Perhaps even more to the point, however, Vida got honest-to-

goodness baseball crowds inside Oakland Coliseum, where they have long been the exclusive phenomena of the pro football Raiders and Billy Graham. Before Blue, nearly every A's crowd seemed small enough to have reached the Coliseum in a single Volkswagen bus, despite Finley's hard-sell promotional gimmickry in his geographic box-office war with the San Francisco Giants, only 15 miles away.

Last year the A's drew 914,993, an increase of 136,638 over 1970 when Blue spent all but September in the American Association, and the erratic graphs of the attendance chart proved Vida's talent as a gate attraction, ostensibly to everyone but Finley. The A's went over the 20,000 mark 16 times in Oakland, and in 10 of those games Blue was the starting pitcher. Of the 18 games in which the A's drew less than 5,000, Blue pitched twice—on April 9th the fourth game of the year, and Sept. 22. Vida's appeal was even more noticeable on the road, much to the financial cheer of the anemic American League, which drew almost 5½ million fewer fans than the National. On the six occasions when Oakland played before a crowd of 40,000 or more, Blue pitched each time. Of the 13 crowds that exceeded 30,000, Blue started before 10 of them.

About the only thing Vida couldn't generate was a salary commensurate with his performance. Finley did try to make well-meaning, financial amends, but he handled it badly and in patron fashion, reminiscent of the time he asked Vida to change his name to Vida True Blue as a publicity gimmick even more hokey than it sounds. Without asking, Charlie bought Vida a \$10,000 blue Cadillac bearing California plates that read V BLUE—a move he admits was a mistake, with some logic, since Blue last week was driving around in a Pontiac given to him by a car-salesman friend, Ron Freitas. Charlie also ponied up lesser amounts for gasoline, clothing and insurance so that, from the A's, you could figure Vida made \$26,750, give or take a hiccup.

Thus, Vida wasn't quite as strapped as the \$14,750 would indicate. Neither is Finley's offer the 330% increase he claims it is. Nor is the jump from \$26,750

to \$92,500 the AAU record for upward mobility. Of course, it is not an amount to be brushed aside, either, unless you play basketball. Gerst, however, blamed Finley for the stalemate, charging that the A's owner made up his mind last August that \$50,000 was going to be his only offer to Vida. He also cited the intractability, both of Finley and the reserve clause, for forcing Vida out of baseball and toward the direction of the nation's bathroom supply houses.

"Past history indicates that Charlie needs to control and dictate everything and everyone connected with his organization," Gerst said. "The irony of it all is Finley has said that if a man can't perform, he'll get rid of him. That's why he's had 10 managers in the last 10 years, but when he really gets someone who performs, he's unwilling to pay the top price. I think that's unfair, because a man who demands perfection from everyone else he hires should be willing to pay for it."

Gerst also said that the \$92,500 figure was not absolute. "Vida has never taken the position that he has to get \$92,500. He has offered to play for \$50,000 if he can sign a contract without a reserve clause. He has offered to play for the average of the top 10 pitchers in baseball. He has offered to let the commissioner arbitrate. He is willing to be sold or traded. He has requested a multiyear contract or deferred compensation. He said pay the 50 this year but give a bonus for last year. . . . To every one of these, the answer has been 'No.'"

"It clearly demonstrates the unfairness of the reserve clause. It gives the owner the power to force a man out of baseball. The way it is enforced, the owner has the power to control the destiny of the individual. If the player doesn't accept his terms, his only recourse is to quit. A real willingness to quit is the only negotiating tool the player has in the hands of an owner who wants to be unfair."

Finley, however, wasn't buying the "retirement," despite the claim that Durrn Steel would pay Blue more than \$50,000. "I believe Vida never had any thoughts of retiring," Finley said from his offices in Chicago. "Baseball is his first and only love, and I'm quite cer-

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tain that he wasn't serious in his announcement. I think he will be playing ball within a few days, before the season starts." There were denials and affirmations of Finley-Blue meetings over the past weekend, with agreement only on the fact that no progress was made. On Saturday night the relationship was sufficiently cordial for Blue to join Finley in his Oakland apartment to watch a basketball game on television.

Charlie, however, wasn't going to make it easy for Vida, as far as compromising a pennyworth on the 50 grand. "Not a chance whatsoever," he said, "I believe my offer is fair and equitable for everyone, I do not believe in these unjustified, astronomical salaries that athletes are demanding today. The end result is suicide. A team must either raise the price of tickets and pass it on to the fans, or it becomes necessary for a team to float a big loan—eventually ending up in bankruptcy or going out of business. The fans are the ones that pay these players' salaries and they're not going to give these players carte blanche."

Turning to the classic technique of splitting the adversary's forces, he added, "I've been disappointed for quite some time over how this has been handled by Vida's agent. I feel that Mr. Gerst has temporarily hurt Vida's wonderful image. I know for a fact that many of the statements attributed to Vida had no foundation at all. Vida is one of the finest young athletes I've ever had the pleasure of meeting in any sport."

On the "unjustified, astronomical salaries" bit, Finley's irate tirade rang like slightly hollow taradiddle. Charlie, after all, recently acquired Denny McLain from the Rangers, a pitcher who will come to Oakland with a \$75,000 salary after a season in which he was baseball's biggest loser. As for justification for Vida, Gerst added, "We pointed out that 950,000 fans came to see him pitch and that's about 500,000 more than would have been there otherwise. Vida drew 1/12 of the total American League attendance last year. Finley has admitted that he has made money from his team every year and that the value of his franchise has gone up every year from when he bought it. What's the underlying value of a sports fran-

chise? The San Diego Rockets were sold for almost \$4 million more than their original price even though they never had a winning season. How much more is the A's franchise worth because of what Vida has done?"

Finley also expressed doubts about Vida's status as a proven performer, which angered Gerst almost into galloping acne. "That's the thing that really revealed Charlie's true intention," Gerst said. "Saying he's not a proven major-leaguer, when Vida had pitched 312 innings. I told him that the only thing you can say about him is that he's young. Baseball has notoriously used a system wherein you have to be around for a number of years before you can get a big salary. Finley also raises a false argument that if Vida signs a contract, he can only be cut 20%. But that holds true for every performer, and if you got rid of the reserve clause, you wouldn't have that. You could sell him, trade him or release him and sign him as a free agent. You realize it's a bargaining game, but it has to be played by Finley's rules."

At week's end, apart from the accusations and gamesmanship, the man himself drifted through another idle day and it appeared that the war of nerves would go to Finley, since he wasn't hampered by any nagging love of the game as was Vida Blue.

Like other baseball athletes, Vida wanted to be in training camp preparing for another season. Instead, he was visiting in Berkeley with Willis Hudson, his old battery mate at Mansfield High School, for an afternoon that might be spent waxing the Pontiac or playing pickup basketball. Either one was a dreary alternative.

"If I said I didn't miss it, it'd be telling a damn lie," Vida said somberly. "I've been in baseball my whole life and I love the game. You don't just up and say I won't think about it no more. Yeah, I miss it."

"I didn't really want these contract negotiations to get to the place where there wouldn't be a stopping point, but I am man enough to feel I'm justified in my feelings."

This time, obviously, it was no laughing matter.

END

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ESCAPE TO THE DESERT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DILLON

The call of the wild has many voices, and among the strangest is the mixture of automobile noise and desert desolation that has produced a breed of off-road racing men. From time to time these individuals escape the urban clutter and find a kind of lunar freedom on the moonscapes of the arid West. But to be free first they must be bound. Cocooned within roll cages in their bizarre desert buggies in a web of safety harness—eyes goggled, mouths well masked against the suffocating dust—they are tied to these vehicles more straitly than to any desk or workbench. Yet once bound they are indeed free—to swoop and soar and slide, take risks, break bones, thumb their noses at the drones back in the hives. On the following pages are some of the men and machines of the Mint 400, an off-road rip out in the tawny reaches behind Las Vegas, with an assessment of the state of the sport, 1972.









'IT'S REAL PEACEFUL OUT THERE'

From those wonderful folks who brought you surfing, drag racing, the Hollywood Freeway and the backyard barbecue comes the latest in dynamic outdoor entertainment: off-road racing. Over the past decade, with Southern California as its epicenter, the sport has boomed across the dunes and dry gulches of the Desert West. This year an estimated 4,000 off-road racers will be churning it up, ranging in skill from weekend desert rats to the likes of Indy winners Parnelli Jones and Al Unser. The best will compete for upwards of \$750,000 in prize money. Jones is one of the most enthusiastic converts to the sport. "This is the life," P.J. sighed recently after a day of vaulting arroyos, skidding through washes and tripping hammering his kidneys. "It's real peaceful out there."

The genealogy of the sport is almost as obscure as some of the race locales—places like Searchlight, Nev. and Lone Pine, Calif. Some enthusiasts trace the first sand buggy back to the 1920s, when speed-freaky Californians rigged their Model T Fords with caterpillar-type belts for better traction in the outback. In the 1930s Model A Fords were similarly modified—largely for profit. "A speedy sand wagon could make the booze run from Mexico faster than a boat," recalls one nostalgic oldtimer, "and if the runner ran out of gas, he could tank up with the cargo. That was high-octane hooch."

The glut of surplus jeeps that hit the market after World War II further broadened the base of the sport, but it took a foreign import to accelerate off-road racing to its present ubiquity. In the early 1960s a boatbuilder named Bruce Meyers from Newport Beach, Calif. fitted a customized Fiberglass body to the shortened hulk of a wrecked Volkswagen and the "dune buggy" as we now

know it was born. The Meyers Manx is still top cat in the constantly expanding market. Hyped by the prestigious endorsement of such speed huffs as Actors Steve McQueen and James Garner, the demand for VWs and Porsches in the Southern California area reached criminal proportions. A "steal to order" ring of car thieves hot-wired thousands of bugs which were converted into unrecognizable sand wagons—only the frame, engine and drive train of the originals remained after surgery.

Now supply has caught up with demand, and off-road racing is on the verge of becoming a big-league sport. "Today there are about six or seven major off-road races of quality," says Mickey Thompson, who rode the crest of the drag-racing wave from its outlaw days to its present respectability and sees a similar future for desert racing. "By next year we'll have about 15 major off-road events."

One of the biggest is the Mint 400, a spine-shattering romp through the wasteland surrounding Las Vegas. When it began four years ago on an experimental basis, the Mint was minimal: its purse totaled \$15,000. This year's event offered \$56,000 in prize money. By comparison with Indianapolis, stock-car racing or the Grand Prix circuit, off-road racing is still a tight place to make a living, although a few independent drivers are able to carve out a bare existence in such races as the Mint, Arizona's Parker Dam 500, the Riverside Grand Prix, the Westward Ho 250 and the brace of races in Mexico that most desert drivers equate with Le Mans—the Baja 500 and the Baja 1,000.

As with most sports in their infancy, off-road racing is done more for love than money, though the pleasures are extravagantly laced with pain. In last year's Mint only 25 of the 264 starters finished the eight-lap race (each lap covers 50 up-and-down miles). Several drivers broke kneecaps on their roll cages during the rougher going, three vehicles fractured their axles less than 12 miles into the race, and one car suffered the humiliation of nine flat tires in four laps. Parnelli Jones, driving a Ford Bronco

all-purpose truck with Al Unser as his copilot, hit dust so thick that a debate arose over whether or not the truck was moving. Fritz Kroyer, a Danish-born Canadian who won the race in a VW-powered Hi-Jumper, recalls splashing into an ostensibly dry gully. "When I hit the silt," he says, "it came over the front of my buggy like a solid wall of water." Kroyer's winning time of 13 hours 30 minutes 42 seconds converts to just under 30 mph.

The future lies with hard cases like Kroyer and the sport's only nascent superstar, one Drno Miller of Costa Mesa, Calif., considered by some to be the Wilbur Shaw of the wasteland. Miller, 30, who stands 6' 5" and weighs nearly as much as a VW, is a figure to match the desert's duress: he has worked as a ski instructor at Aspen, crewed on a ketch in the South Pacific, dabbled in the chill waters of professional abalone diving. Though he dropped out of high school after the 10th grade, Miller returned to academe in pursuit of a political science doctorate at the University of Michigan. Most important, he has won both the Mint 400 and the Baja 1,000. "I grew up in love with cars," says Drno, "and when I found I could race professionally with my first buggy, I knew I had a profession."

Like most desert racers, Miller believes that the next year or two will see the sport more than double in both participation and prize money despite the problems it faces from ecologists. The National Off-Road Racing Association, which serves as sanctioning body and chief factotum for desert racing, works closely with the Bureau of Land Management. For the most part, its races are carefully laid out over existing rights-of-way such as dirt roads, dry washes and public utility service roads.

Miller remembers a Parker Dam race in which the course was changed to avoid the sanctuary of a rare type of frog. "Most of the routes we use were made years and years ago," he says. "As a rule we tear up very little new territory. On the other hand there are some flagrant misuses that must cease."

—JACK TOBIN & ROBERT F. JONES

Zululand, on the eastern coast of the Republic of South Africa, is a giant Noah's ark on the emerging flood todes of modern Africa, a last sanctuary against the onslaught of industrialization. The latter-day Noah who guards the flora and fauna of this 10,500-square-mile section of the province of Natal is Ian Player, brother of the famous golfer and a man of remarkable accomplishments in his own right. Under Player's jurisdiction are Zululand's half-million acres of game reserves and parks, some 300 miles of coastline, 445 wildlife management officers, game guards and other personnel, and more than a million game creatures. It is a formidable trust. But for Ian Player it is only part of a much broader trust, for his concern extends

Ian Cedric Audley Player was born 45 years ago, not in the African bush but in the highly urbanized city of Johannesburg, near the gold mines where his father worked. From childhood he was plagued by a series of injuries to his right knee that put him in and out of hospitals for months at a time and forced him to wear a leg brace. But he refused to give in to the knee trouble. Instead he launched himself on an exhausting program of physical rehabilitation, which, to the astonishment of his doctors, eventually enabled him to shed the brace and talk his way into the army during World War II. He saw action—had leg and all—with an armored division in Italy.

"Failure does not exist in Ian's vo-

He has saved the white rhino from man. Now, in Zululand, Ian Player is devoted to the task of saving man from himself by VIRGINIA KRAFT



A PLAYER IN THE GAME OF LIFE

far beyond the boundaries of Zululand. It encompasses all wilderness and wildlife everywhere.

Player's Operation Rhino, the subject of films, books, television shows and countless articles, has been acclaimed as the classic conservation success story. The World Wildlife Fund has called him the savior of the white rhino. Game Conservation International (Game Coin) once named him its Conservationist of the Year.

In the U.S., Player has been called a visionary, but in South Africa he is considered a radical. At home he has had to fight not only the apathy of an unenlightened and indifferent public but the opposition of the very agencies that should be working to change such apathy. This uphill battle is the kind Player has come to know best.

cabulary," says Gary Player of his older brother. "Whatever he takes on he has to do better than anyone. I remember as kids, Ian was always preying me, making me do endless push-ups, forcing me to run when I was too tired to walk. In spite of his bad knee, I couldn't keep up with him. One time, when I was about eight, we were running this five-mile course. My lungs were bursting. Finally I just collapsed on the side of the road. I told Ian I couldn't make it. He pulled me to my feet and cuffed me across the ear. 'What do you mean, you can't make it, man?' he shouted. His face was red and he was furious. 'You can make anything you set out to do. Just remember that, man, anything. There is no room for can't in this life.' I don't know how, but I finished the five miles."

Gary Player credits much of his later

success to the perseverance taught him by Ian, who fashioned his younger brother's first golf club out of a stick and taught him how to use it.

When Ian left school at 16 to join the army he was only months away from graduation. His friends and family were shocked that he did not wait for his diploma. Player, characteristically, was shocked that anyone would consider staying in school when a war of such magnitude was being fought.

Player did not return to school after the war, but worked at a series of unrelated jobs—as a commercial fisherman, a shipping clerk and a miner—drifting from one to the next with neither interest nor direction. It was while he was working in an aluminum company in Pietermaritzburg, Natal that the idea of canoeing from that city to Durban, a



port on the Indian Ocean, began first as a fanciful dream and then materialized into an adventure that has become part of the modern folklore of South Africa.

Today the annual Pietermaritzburg-Durban Canoe Race, which grew out of Player's exploit, is one of the best-known sporting events in the country, attracting hundreds of entries and thousands of spectators. But in 1950 the Umsunduzi and Umgeni rivers, which loosely connect the two cities via 110 obstacle-strewn miles of rapids, falls, logjams and weirs, had never been successfully navigated. The challenge of conquering these waters became Player's all-consuming ambition.

Years later he wrote in his book *Men, Rivers and Canoes* of the efforts that went into realizing this ambition. His account of repeated brushes with disaster in the form of waterfalls, whirlpools, capsize, crocodiles and snakes reads like a script for an old Hollywood serial. He reached Durban finally, delirious

and close to death from the poisonous bite of a night adder and suffering from dysentery, sunburn and a dislocated shoulder. But the accomplishment proved worth the price, for it was this challenge that awoke him to the greater ones that lay before him. It was on the river that he made his decision to become a game ranger.

Later, he wrote: "I was suddenly filled with an overwhelming loathing at the thought of going to the stinks and massed houses of the city. I had come to hate every aspect of town life. I was filled with an insatiable mental hunger for the sight of dry, twigged acacias and the green grass underneath, the smell of a raw native kraal and sthomborh wood smoke, and to see birds wheeling in a sky that was not hazy with smog."

When Player joined the Natal Parks Board as a ranger in 1952, the vast game herds had in most places already become legend. More than 40 species indigenous to South Africa had been re-

placed by cattle, sheep and goats. Cities stood where wildebeest once roamed. Factories smoked where streams once bubbled. Man had proclaimed his priority and in so doing, Player felt, had forecast his doom. Player saw in wilderness man's single hope of survival, and in game reserves the last strongholds of true wilderness.

The concept of game reserves is not a new one in South Africa. As long ago as the early 1800s the Zulu kings set aside areas on which game was protected for their private hunting. The pits of the great King Shaka, dug in 1820, are still visible today in Zululand's Umfolozi Game Reserve.

Hunting was also the major impetus behind the white man's reserves, which came later in the century. By then the pioneers had completed their Great Trek across the highveld, and had annihilated for greed and profit virtually all wildlife in what is believed to have been one of the most densely populated game areas in the world. Alarmed by these massacres, the handful of sports hunters in the country negotiated to set aside certain areas in which game would be protected.

President Paul Kruger, a hunter, was thus able in 1898 to set aside the 8,000-square-mile reserve in the Transvaal which today bears his name. The year before, hunters in Zululand had located the last surviving pocket of white rhinoceros in the world, a total of 20 animals—all that remained of the hundreds of thousands that had populated South Africa before the Great Trek—and the major Zululand reserves of Hluhluwe, Umfolozi and Lake St. Lucia were proclaimed to protect them.

But the victory of these early conservationists was short-lived. The slaughter that preceded the arrival of the first settlers was followed by the livestock of the next. And as fast as cattle and sheep moved in, nagana, the disease transmitted by the tsetse fly, destroyed them.

continued

Game animals carry the disease but, unlike domestic stock, are immune to it. Soon there was a demand to kill every wild animal in the land. In Umfolozi Game Reserve alone, the last anti-rabies expedition began in the early '40s and lasted six years until virtually every game animal except the white rhino, which was protected by government order, was exterminated. More than 200,000 head of game were destroyed before the drive ended.

By the early '50s, when Player came to Umfolozi, the cry was to abolish all game reserves. The Natal Parks Board was under sharp attack. Poaching was rife. Farmers and ranchers were hostile and the public was indifferent. In the physical, political and philosophical struggles that followed, many dedicated men fought long and hard to save the Zululand reserves, but in the end it was the white rhinoceros, prodded along by Player, that won the battle.

The white, or square-lipped, rhinoceros is not actually white, any more than the black rhinoceros is black. Both are a drab gray, the shade determined to a large extent by the mud in which they wallow. Early Boer hunters likened the timidity of the white rhino to that of the white man, and the aggressiveness of the black to the fierce tribes of the interior, and so labeled them.

The white rhino is the second-largest land mammal on earth, sometimes weighing more than four tons. The black is about half this size. The white has a prominent hump on its neck, a straight, wide upper lip and an elongated head. The black has no hump, a pointed prehensile upper lip and a shorter head. It also has a considerably shorter temper. The black's notorious reputation for charging first and reflecting later doubtless helped it survive, just as the white's docility hastened its demise. Shooting a white rhino was about as dangerous as shooting a Jersey cow, and demanded no more skill.

"Every book about the early settlers," Player says, "tells of individuals killing 10, 20, as many as 100 white rhinos in a day. The slaughter was beyond imagination. It is a miracle that any survived."

When Player began working with the rhino, its numbers had grown to 300. But even this increase was a poor guarantee of survival. A single disease such as anthrax could wipe out the entire spe-

cies overnight. Player believed that the animal's future could only be assured by deconcentrating the population and establishing additional breeding nuclei not only on its original ranges but also beyond them.

"The practical difficulties in getting such an operation going were enormous," he says, "but I had a lot of help and if ever a venture was international, this was it. An Englishman discovered the drugs. An American developed the dart gun. A South African worked out the methods of translocation."

Today there are more than 1,800 white rhinos in Zululand, several hundred more in other parts of Africa, countless pairs in zoos throughout the world and sizable breeding herds in England and the U.S. The animal's name has been decisively removed from the list of endangered species.

Player is embarrassed when he is referred to as the savior of the white rhino, not out of any sense of modesty but because he is so conscious of the debt he owes the people who went before him and who worked with him on the project. His real contribution, he believes, was putting the team together, pushing it forward and keeping it going. He admits that this occasionally required methods somewhat less than ethical. He flagrantly planted false news items in the press, misinformed the public, misdirected politicians and suppressed information when he believed it best to do so. His goal was achievement at the expense of all else. He attained it, but not without error.

Animals had been transplanted in many parts of the world before and with great success, but never such a gigantic animal. To quiet the rhinos, numerous drugs and drug combinations were tried before the right one, M99, was discovered. In the process, some rhinos succumbed to the drugs; still others charged the horsemen following them or rushed blindly through a herd of buffalo, stampeding them. Some, out on their feet but still moving, plunged over cliffs or drowned in rivers.

Transporting the animals to holding pens where they could be acclimated for their further journey presented its own problems. Rhinos often broke off their horns as they thrashed about in the truck. Occasionally they became so violent that they actually lunged out through the

roof. They traveled best with their tails toward the engines, but it took much trial and error to determine this. It was better if a familiar ranger went along to feed them. In one celebrated instance, a shipment of 25 rhinos arrived in England during a dock strike. The dock workers were so moved by the plight of the animals stranded in the ship's hold that they turned out, in spite of the strike, to unload them. The incident received publicity throughout the world.

Player has never been shy about such publicity, nor has he always been fussy about its accuracy so long as it served the right purpose. Two years after the first rhinos were reestablished in Kruger Park and Operation Rhino was in full swing, a Hollywood movie company came to Umfolozi to make a film on the subject.

"When they started shooting," recalls James Clarke of the Johannesburg Star who helped write the original script, "the story was perfectly legitimate. By the time they finished, it was something only Hollywood could turn out. There were white rhinos—played by black rhinos, of course—charging all over the lot, leopards leaping out of trees where there had not been leopards for decades, and animals doing all sorts of impossible things. I was outraged. Ian said, 'Forget it, man! What difference does it make how phony it is as long as it makes people aware of rhinos—and of the game reserves?'"

"The thing is," Clarke adds, "he was right. The film was a bomb but the world found out about the white rhino and the fight to save it, and a lot of people wanted to help."

A lot of people also took another look at the Zululand reserves. Much of what they saw surprised them. Where once rangers referred among themselves to tourists as "terrorists" and made them feel about as welcome, now they actually encouraged visitors. They built new access and interior roads to facilitate travel, set up rest camps throughout the reserves to provide overnight accommodations and constructed cleverly concealed blinds at watering holes to make game-watching easier. The change in attitude toward the public did not go unnoticed. In just 10 years the number of visitors to Umfolozi alone jumped from 2,000 to 34,000 annually.

Once the animal herds were reestablished, Player faced the problems of keep-

continued

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Ford LTD Country Squire (top) shows why more people choose Fords than any other wagon. A proven 3-way Magic Doorgate and Ford's exclusive dual-facing rear seats. Standard 351-CID V-8, 3-speed SelectShift, power steering and power front disc brakes. What's more, Country Squire offers the comfort, luxury, and quiet that made LTD famous.

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ing them. There is a limit to the amount of wildlife any given area can support. Beyond that, disease, starvation and overgrazing create havoc with the herd and the habitat, destroying both. One means of keeping populations in check is by culling with the gun. Another is by transplanting game to areas where it is scarce. The latter is preferable, but for it to be practical there must be a demand for the game. Creating that demand in a society accustomed to systematically slaughtering every wild animal in sight was a difficult goal.

Player was banking on one factor: economics. "Nothing in this world will survive," Julian Huxley once said, "unless you can prove it an economic asset." With the zeal of a pitchman selling patent medicine, Player set out to prove the economic virtues of wildlife. He stumped the countryside, selling game as Africa's "new gold"—a rich, renewable asset capable of utilizing all vegetation in the bush, of producing 15 times more protein and several times more marketable by-products than cattle, of providing unlimited esthetic and recreational returns.

In little more than five years game ranches have sprung up all over Zululand and the idea has spread throughout southern Africa. Economically, they have already proved successful both to the ranchers and to the Natal Parks Board, which last year realized more than \$400,000 from game sales.

"Ten years ago we couldn't give game away. Nobody wanted it," Player says. "Today we can't keep up with the demand. Farmers, once hostile, have become our biggest customers. They now recognize that game offers numerous sources of revenue, with sports hunting a major one. In the end, I believe the recreational value of hunting on these ranches will prove even more important than meat production.

"But that is only part of it," he adds. "Every game ranch means land kept wild, land saved from the scourges of sisal and sugarcane. That is what conservation is all about—saving the land, keeping the bush wild, because once it is destroyed there is no way on this God's earth to bring it back again."

Player's all but fanatical fight to keep Zululand's reserves truly wild is responsible for some of the controversy he has stirred in South Africa. He has been called "anti-people" and publicly

criticized in Parliament for "concentrating on conservation to the neglect of tourism."

"Tourists don't come to Africa to look at bloody cows!" he retorts.

Against much opposition he has blocked the establishment of restaurants, shops and any form of entertainment within the reserves. One has only to visit Kruger National Park with its broad paved highways and caravillike compounds to understand Player's wrath at such commercialization.

All of the projects Player has undertaken, he is most dedicated to expounding the gospel of wilderness. "Conservation is not a plaything, or a luxury, or something new," he says. "It is survival. Before we can develop an ecological conscience about the world in which we live, before we can understand our own relationship to the earth, to wildlife, to God, we must be able to see a strip of land that has not been maltreated by man. We must experience wilderness."

To enable people to do so, Player introduced what are known as Wilderness Trails to the Zululand reserves some years ago. On a trail, small groups hike with a ranger for three to five days into true wilderness, places where every symbol of modern life is barred. Unique in Africa, these Wilderness Trails attract increasing numbers of business and professional people each year. The success of the trails induced Player to start the African Wilderness Leadership School, which in less than 10 years has developed into a powerful force to save the future of wilderness.

The object of AWLS is to make tomorrow's leaders aware today of the ecological facts of life, of the delicate balance between soil, water, animals and plants. Unlike Outward Bound and similar schools, the AWLS offers no direct instruction. Students make their own observations, work out their own problems and draw their own conclusions.

One ranger accompanies each group of seven boys, but he does not teach—he guides. On one day they are taken on a 15-mile hike without water. At its end they are better aware of water's vital link to life than they would be following a dozen lectures. They are taken through virgin bush and through bush that man has spoiled. They learn the critical balances between fresh and salt water by spending three days in canoes on

Lake St. Lucia, which, along with its fish and fauna, is dying of excess salinity brought about by man's greed and ignorance. They observe the complex relationship of hippos to flood control, fish migrations to bird life and predators to population problems.

Originally AWLS was aimed at boys between the ages of 16 and 20. Although boys still comprise the majority of the students, the program has been expanded to include girls, postgraduate students, teachers and young business executives. Where once it involved only South Africans, its students now come from all over the world. But the chief criterion for eligibility remains the same: leadership potential.

The school's revenues from all sources seldom cover its expenses. It operates out of a borrowed office in a converted cow shed on the Stainbank Nature Reserve in Durban, has no full-time administrator, no storage facilities, no organized recruiting, publicity or fund-raising programs. Considering how much AWLS has already achieved and the scope of its potential, such a tenuous existence seems strange. To some extent, Ian Player is to blame. He has tried to handle too many roles at the same time, to be in too many places at once, to serve too many masters. Technically, as an employee of the Natal Parks Board, he can have no official association with the school. In theory, it is administered by a trust. In practice, he runs it. But his efficiency is impeded by his primary responsibility to the parks board and, lately, by growing dissension within the AWLS board. It has been suggested that Player resign from the parks board and concentrate entirely on the school.

Such a move might make his life easier. Player has put so much of himself into his dual roles that there is little time left over for his family. The \$500 a month he earns from the parks board—which is less than AWLS guides earn—is barely enough to keep meat on the table for his sympathetic wife Ann and their three children.

Neither Player nor anyone else can predict what will happen to the reserves when Zululand receives its promised statehood in the next few years. The Zulu, with his goats and cattle and disdain for game, has a long history of abusing the land. For years he has squatted on the edges of the reserves, looking

continued



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IAN PLAYER

with envy from his own scared, overgrazed lands into the lush greenery of the reserves, recognizing the differences but not the reasons for them and resenting the fact that animals live on the good land while he lives on the bad. No one knows how long after independence he will accept this, or whether he can be educated before that to conserve the land. Player is working against time to do this, but it is a slow process.

In Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, the hereditary and elected leader of the four million Zulu people, Player has a powerful ally. The nephew of King Solomon and a direct descendant of 10 generations of Zulu kings, Buthelezi combines a deep feeling for Zulu history and tradition with an intelligent, enlightened approach to what is best for the future of his people. He is keenly aware of the tangible and intangible values of wilderness to his nation, and he is personally committed to preserving them.

"With the recognition that the Zululand reserves have received throughout the world, I do not believe any government would permit them to be destroyed," Player says, but the customary conviction in his voice is missing. He knows that he cannot afford the gamble of leaving the parks closed now and possibly losing the reserves during the difficult transition period that lies ahead for Zululand. It makes little sense to save the wilderness school at the expense of the wilderness.

With or without Player, AWLS needs immediate and stable financing—substantial long-range underwriting. "It is only right that industry, which has played such a major role in destroying the environment, should now assume the major burden of restoring it," says South African conservationist-author T.C. Robertson, who is the director of AWLS. "This is a small price to pay to check man's headlong race toward destruction of the ecology that supports him and the few sheeds of wilderness that remain."

It would be a small price indeed to ensure that there will always be wild places in the world where square-lipped rhinos browse and hippos roar on the rivers, where chattering monkeys dance in *suphi* trees and crocodiles doze on muddy shores, where lions stalk in long grasses and where, if one takes the time to listen, one can hear the sounds of silence.

END

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

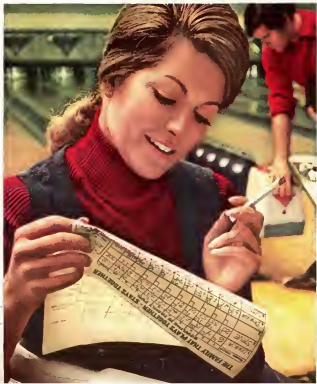
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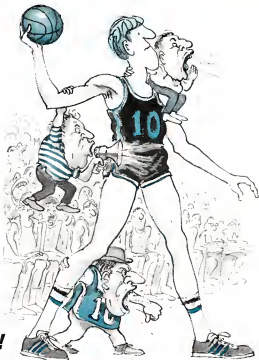
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GIMME AN A, GIMME A BOO!



And how about a big, rousing Braaack! for the visiting team, just to make them feel right at home
by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Printe applause washed over the fresh-faced pack of Cub Scouts as they were introduced at Convention Hall in Miami Beach. The little tykes accepted the appreciation with gracious blushes. Then suddenly the tranquil scene was splintered by a fierce, insistent bellowing. "Boooooo!" roared Bob Pearce as the halftime crowd at the Floridians-Kentucky Colonels basketball game fell hushed. "Boooooo!" he yelled. "Boooooo!"

Bewildered and confused by the abrupt change in their reception, the Cubs plopped back into their chairs. And, satisfied, Pearce ended his display of derision. Besides, an even better target, Dan Joel of Kentucky, was nearby. Pro basketball fans know about Joel and his two front teeth. "Hey, Dan," Pearce screamed, "give us a nice smile."

Every sport has its wild fans but few

activities attract them like pro basketball, a game that brings out the hidden loony in a lot of folks. Years ago participants and onlookers were separated by wire screening, through which unwary opponents who dared dribble the sidelines were often stuck with batpins. Even this modest protection is gone now, but the fans, still using the needle, remain. And while other sports invite the spectators to breathe the same air as the performers, golf and tennis most notably, their settings seem to resemble cathedrals more than coliseums.

Not pro basketball. Every game today plays to the blast of battery-operated bullhorns. Every arena echoes to the screams of DEE-fense, DEE-fense!

(even when the home team has control of the ball). Phoenix and Seattle glory in repousations for the most uproarious fans. Encouraged by their raucous salutes, each team has experienced only one losing season at home. Around the pro cities, dancers entertain during timeouts, cheerleaders organize the orchestra and even front-office executives and jaded sportswriters forget their decorum. Carl Scheer, president and general manager of the Carolina Cougars, kicks over waste cans when his team suffers misfortune. The Buffalo Braves have lost a publicity man and two newspaper reporters to banishment from the press table. And Sam Schulman, owner of the Seattle team, often follows ref-

crees to their dressing room, raging imprecations.

Whatever his act, the sideline hero is zealous in his performance. Bob Pearce lost his job as a route supervisor for a soft-drink distributor because he booted too often. He was banned from attending jai alai games in Miami because officials feared he would incite a riot with his jeering of suspect plays. Pearce promptly filed a \$500,000 damage suit and wound up unemployed because, he maintains, his company said he did not have sufficient interest in his job.

Now working for another soda-water firm, Pearce still spends evenings creating gas pains in Floridian opponents. Equipped with a voice like a train crash, Pearce leads a band of friends called "the Boo-Birds." Mark Binstein, general manager and coach of the Pittsburgh Condors, waded into the stands one night and punched Boo-Bird Dan Webb after the Condors had lost by 27 points. Binstein's mood was not helped by the fact that the group also waved signs ridiculing his preseason promotional campaign. He had ordered a large shipment of Condor jackets and T shirts, but apathetic Pittsburgh fans had spurned them. Now the Boo-Birds plan to greet the Condors on their next flight to Miami. While a sheriff's deputy serves an assault-and-battery warrant on Binstein, the club plans to boo.

The hecklers who infest the basketball arenas have one common trait: they are bigmouths. But none is louder than Dale Kussard, a 31-year-old elevator installer from Milwaukee. He brings a bull-horn to every game—and he claims his only fear is that someday he will forget to stand and the fan in front of him will be rendered deaf.

In Louisville, brothers Ellis and Bill Thomas form a double attack on the opposition, although it always seems as if surely there must be more than just two of them. The brothers position themselves in separate but adjacent sections for good stereophonic cross-shout effect and then ridicule, holler, wave their arms, point their fingers, jump up and down or grab the basketball when it goes out of bounds and break into a dribbling act. They haven't missed a home game in four years.

"They're like another weapon in our arsenal," says the Colonels' president, Mike Storen. Last year Charlie Scott of the Virginia Squires wearied of the at-

tack and charged into the stands after Bill, determined to cut the enemy's forces by half. Scott was restrained, and after the game the foes shook hands. "I'm a fan, not a fighter," Bill told Scott.

In Phoenix one group of clappers would like to have another group barred from the games. "It's bad for the city," explains a member of the dove faction, a banker. "What good does it do to have the visiting sportswriters, broadcasters and players uptight all night?" asks Jerry Colangelo, the Phoenix general manager. "That's not the type of hospitality you'd like to extend to visitors. Still," he adds, "I like the reputation we have of being the loudest fans in the league." The executive cites as an example of the fervor an incident when fans charged out of the stands because they thought a Phoenix ballplayer was involved in a fight with an opposition player off court. "Two people fell out of the balcony, a person was hit with a bottle and a little girl got trampled," says Colangelo with a touch of pride. "It shows how rabid our fans are."

Maurice Yates, a 62-year-old industrialist in Salt Lake City, carries his support for the Utah Stars past the vocal level. He buys 350 season tickets, the entire court-side row on one side of the floor—and then sells them as a booster.

Bad matchups never stop the true bas-

kethall zealot. Joey Snyder once charged onto the floor in Baltimore and hit Referee Jake O'Donnell in the belly button—with his head. Joey is 4' 10" and has a shrill voice. Richie Guerin, coach of the Atlanta Hawks, once silenced Snyder by noting, "My God, I thought it was a woman."

And age hasn't slowed Harry Hershberger at Indiana Pacer games. In his mid-70s, Hershberger still can make the big play. He walks with a cane which he once used to threaten Referee Norm Drucker after Drucker assessed Pacer Billy Keller with three quick technical fouls. Hershberger traveled the length of the court, brandishing his walking stick, but before he could inflict any damage on the official police stepped in.

Fans always rebel loudest against striped-shirt authority. In one 76er play-off game against Boston, Philadelphia electrician Jasper Verna delayed the game 10 minutes while he argued with Referees Mendy Rudolph and Earl Strom. "Mendy put his face right close to mine and told me to keep my big mouth shut," remembers Verna, who has sat in the same seat at 76er games for the last 18 years. "I shouted back. Then there was a foul shot and Strom was right in front of me. I moved my body to see the shooter and Strom tripped over my leg. And then he kicked me."

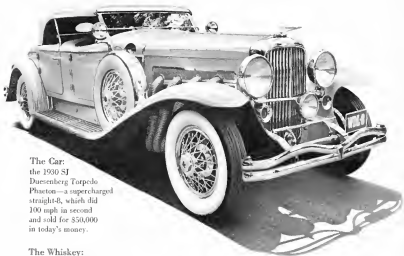
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In Dallas, Mark Fleischer, who is 6'5", and Sam Katz, who is 4'10", are The Giant and The Jockey to Chaparral officials accustomed to the pair's haunting the team's offices at odd hours. At games, Katz' feet dangle short of the floor when he is in his seat, which is rarely. The Chaps also have a few other flaky fans. One bearded fellow maintains a cross-legged yoga position for the entire game. Another, usually placid, always bursts into a screaming, pumping rage whenever Bill Sharman came to town. Now that Sharman has switched leagues, the man, a male nurse, is momentarily serene.

The most spectacular fans are the dancers or the cheerleaders. In Baltimore—especially when the games are on national television—Dancing Harry appears. He does an impromptu step he claims hexes the opposition. With the Bullets suffering through a poor season, Dancing Harry has not been around much lately.

Gus Sinars works in an automobile plant in Detroit and also as a vendor at Tiger Stadium but he is best known for his dance routine at Piston basketball games. A bulging-stomached character who inhabits the upper balcony of Cobo Arena, Gus lolls in the aisle during timeouts, then breaks into a dance resembling an elephant balancing on a skate board. At the end of his number, Sinars strolls to the railing, leans precariously over its edge and utters a strange hooting sound, apparently inspired by the sound track of an old jungle movie.

Some of the new arenas have managed to tone down the eccentric fans the same way ornate chandeliers, a plush carpet and soft violin music can quiet a noisy dining room. The Forum, palatial home of the Los Angeles Lakers, is such a place. The fat man who used to rug up and down the aisles of the Sports Arena, wearing his Lakers derby, is now 80 pounds lighter and never ventures from his seat.

If it is true that such growing sophistication in basketball will eliminate bizarre fan behavior, the game stands to forfeit a degree of its appeal. After all, folks like Bob Pearce remind one that it all is but a moment of entertainment. "Why do you keep calling me a dummy?" an exasperated visiting coach demanded of Pearce recently. "Why," shrugged the Boo-Bird, "do you keep looking around when I say it?" **END**



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tennis	_____	_____		
baseball	_____	_____		
baseball	_____	_____		

Tiny Tim had it dickens of a time in Kansas City last week. The long-haired singer, in town for an appearance at the Playboy Club, had the papers for his divorce from **Miss Vicki** served on him in the morning, then decided to catch a basketball game at the NAIA tournament that evening. During a half-hour interview he told the announcer, "I know your Kansas City baseball team has some interesting players, particularly **Tommy Harper**." Harper plays for Boston.

Way things are going, the acupuncture needle may shortly replace the liniment bottle in athletic training rooms. The latest puncture is Defensive Tackle **Ed Latham** of the Kansas City Chiefs, who was directed to a visiting chiropractor, **Dr. Kazuo Nagasawa**, by his chiropractor. The 270-pound Latham's problem was a back injury he got in, of all things, the Chiefs' weight-lifting program. Dr. Nagasawa wack Latham in 15 places with his therapeutic needles, and before you could say Ping-Pong diplomacy he had Latham free of pain. Dr. Nagasawa said afterward, "First time one that big."

Alarums and excursions in Annapolis, Md. over **John Dennis'** victory in the fourth annual St. Patrick's Day Beer Race. Contestants are supposed to sprint 200 yards with a mug full of green beer on a tray, the winner being the one who finishes firstest with the mostest. The other 56 entrants were upset because Dennis, a local radio announcer, ran the race sober.

As provocative as he may be on ice skates, **Derek Sanderson** has his limits on celluloid. The cheeky star of the Boston Bruins hockey team was cast recently in a walk-on role for an X-rated movie that features some



body checks never dreamed of on a hockey rink. Apparently embarrassed by the frankness, Sanderson asked that his scenes be deleted from the film for its showings in the United States. But movie fans can still catch Sanderson's act in Canada, where his scenes are left in. His propriety apparently does not extend that far north.

◆ Here is a picture of St. Patrick's Day conviviality at the Los Angeles Dodger training camp in Vero Beach, Fla., right! Wrong. The man at left, **Marvin Miller**, is the negotiator for the Major League Players' Association, and the man second

from right is **Walter O'Malley**, the owner of the Dodgers. That's **Mrs. Miller** and **Dick Moss**, the Players' Association lawyer, listening in. And any mutiny now there is supposed to be a strike of players against the clubs. So why are these people smiling?

Johnny Cash, the country-Western singer, may be nearing the end of a whopper of a fish story. Back in 1965 Cash went angling in the Los Padres National Forest near Santa Barbara. On leaving, he gunned the motor of his camper, sending sparks into nearby brush and starting a 508-acre fire that took 450 fire fighters, eight aerial tankers and

four helicopters to put out. The Government slapped Cash with a bill for \$82,000, which the singer tried to regain from his insurance company. The company refused the claim, and Cash took them to court. A month ago Judge **Robert R. Wilford** decreed that—pending appeal—the company must pay the \$82,000, which ought to buy Cash a lot of fishing gear.

Uganda's speed-loving President, **General Idi Amin**, believes in walking softly but keeping a heavy foot on the accelerator. Last year he was stepped and reprimanded for speeding in his jeep. Now the gendarmes will have to catch him first. Amin recently bought a supercharged \$20,800 Citroën sports car with a Maserati engine. To break in his new machine the president took it on a 557-mile, eight-hour spin across the Uganda coastback, leaving a trail of red dust and chicken feathers. But no traffic tickets.

◆ **Yael Restre**, the bald eagle of the Dallas Cowboy defense, showed up at the preseason conditioning program with a new hairpiece that he says "makes me appear seven years younger." So far the cornerback with the convertible top has been unable to find a comparable solution for these 30-year-old legs.

Pete Ham has what you might call Mickey Mouse living arrangements these days. The Minnesota Twin pitcher arrived in Orlando, Fla. for spring training with his wife and son, only to discover that the development of Walt Disney World had almost tripled local rentals. Ham solved the problem by moving his family into a 13-by-16-foot tent on a woody \$3-a-day site only nine miles from the Twin camp, and they spend most of their evenings sitting by the fire and looking at the stars.



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Win one for the nippers

Most sailors see the America's Cup as a sort of waltz, a stately number done in ponderous slow shuffle between two big boats. That one is for the old salts of the Eastern Establishment. Then there is the Congressional Cup: a lot more rock and considerably more roll—cannon blast, bells ring, tanned and beautiful girls scamper about in white blazers and a younger set of skippers battles it out in three fast days of match racing through the technicolor smog off California. And that is, as they

demonstrated last week, what sailing action is all about.

The boats create much of this difference in tempo. The Congressional Cup this year was fought out with 10 skippers aboard 10 virtually identical Cal 40s, those lively fiber-glass sloops that have seized almost every major ocean-racing trophy and have come to be considered classics in their class. And the actual competition also quickly gets right down to the basics. No dull elimination trials followed by cock-

tails on the terrace at Marble House. Just three frantic days of racing outside the Long Beach breakwater: three series a day with five two-boat races per series. And this is not followed by cocktails. It is followed by some real serious boozing at such spots as the London Deli in Newport Beach, a hole-in-the-wall place noted for spaghetti, pizza, wine and beer.

With all this, it was no wonder that a racing notable like Bill Ficker of America's Cup fame might have felt he had wandered by mistake into a discothèque rather than a ballroom. The 44-year-old Ficker, more than anyone else on the Long Beach Yacht Club scene, seemed fated to represent the solid Eastern old line, in spite of his background as a onetime West Coast commodore. He had been invited, of course, for his sailing celebrity: winner of the 1970 America's Cup aboard *Intrepid*, defender of the New York Yacht Club escutcheon, all of that. But still, he had not laid hand upon helm of a Cal 40 for six years, and he was admittedly rusty. "He's crazy to get mixed up in this thing," said one beily young opponent. "He's got everything to lose here."

As if that were not bad enough, at the other end of the sailing spectrum was handsome, black-jowled Argle Campbell, 23 years old, winner of the Congressional Cup in 1970 and one of the new West Coast breed of hang-it-all-out skippers. Ficker had thoughtfully brought along three of his stoic sober crewmen from *Intrepid*, and they all set about their work with a steady will. Campbell had surrounded himself with an aggressive collection of hell-raisers who trained on mai tuis. At one point in the series, Skipper Campbell rose from a two-hour sleep after a big night on the town and counseled his men: "I feel so bad I know we're gonna do well."

The spread between these two racing titans was filled with a fearsome collection of competitors, every one a winner. There was, for example, world ocean-racing champion and the 1970 Yachtsman of the Year, Ted Turner, having his fourth run at the Congressional Cup. There was World Star Class champ Dennis Corner, 28, veteran Hawaii ti-tist Cy Gillette, Commonwealth Cup winner William Widnall of Marblehead, Mass., and three international all-star

continued

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And off they went to rig up their borrowed boats.

The great leveler in racing Cal 40s is their willingness to sail alike, a factor that cut out any excuses even before the first gun went off. But to further put the skippers head to head, their sails also were drawn by lot. Still, despite this equalizing process, after two practice runs aboard his donated craft *Panama*, Skipper Ficker was clearly having a bit of trouble getting it all together. His long layoff in that class, he allowed, had left "a few scales of rust around the edges." And when the series officially started, the rust was showing, sure enough: his spinnaker came out of its turtle as if it were tired. Once a genoa was held aback a touch too long and Ficker nudged his opponent Conner—bump! bump! bump!—right into the committee boat. Foul. Then, in a dramatic duel with Ted Turner, 52 short tacks left Ficker's crewmen so exhausted that they were forced to let up, thus losing another round.

Anyone not showing just the proper amount of sympathy after such a disastrous day might well be expected to catch a punch in the nose from Ficker—and when he stalked into the yacht club bar that evening, an appropriate, respectful hush fell over the crowd. But Ficker, enjoying the effect, remained unperturbed. "I have no compulsion to win," he said. "In 1970 I didn't let winning the America's Cup destroy the real fun of racing, and I still feel the same way now."

Campbell, meanwhile, went on about his novel training program. Campbell is a four-time All-America intercollegiate dinghy sailor, among other things, a recent graduate in finance at USC and an unabashed enthusiast of the social side of sailing. Every night was party night—blaring music, shoulder-to-shoulder crowds, mai tais going down like orange juice. And every day, the Campbell crew scrambled up to beat everybody in sight.

Well, every day but one. And, with a certain touch of ironic justice, the man who outsailed the hung-over crew was Cap'n Ficker, the one man they most wanted to overwhelm. Next night, the eve of the final series, the Campbell crew drastically revised the training schedule. This time only half the crew partied all

night. The other half, reports said, was in by dawn. Naturally, they went out on the 2½ mile, twice-around course and won three straight.

But, training methods aside, the suspenseful thing about the Congressional Cup is that the key action can come in the last race of the last day and—better than that—the entire outcome can hinge on the actions of an unknown. Last week's mystery factor was a gentleman named Jim Davenport; not representing East against West Establishment, but from New Zealand.

Davenport, his country's 1967 Yachtsman of the Year, had not planned that kind of a role for himself; after flying 14,000 miles for the event, he had been properly awed by the caliber of competition. Still, there he was, with a record of one win and seven losses going into the final race, and there he was: scheduled to face young Campbell.

But there was a fateful hooker in the setting: Campbell was tied for first place with Dennis Conner. Thus, if Davenport upset Campbell, the cup would go to Conner. If he did not, Campbell would win it all.

Both boats arrived at the starting line, both on a port tack with Campbell's *Enterprise* to leeward. And what happened next will keep Congressional Cup sailors debating over their drinks for years to come. Spectators aboard nearby boats swear they clearly heard Campbell's boat strike Davenport. In the next moment red protest flags blossomed in the rigging of both competitors. Fine. But in the moment after that, Campbell hauled in his flag and the race continued.

On the shore, meanwhile, anxious crowds caught the rest of the action by radio. As far as they could tell, Campbell had won, but the entire series would now depend on how the protest committee saw the collision or noncollision.

Then the two principals in the drama appeared out of the mist, sails down, ready to dock at the Long Beach Yacht Club. Davenport was out of it, of course. But was the winner Campbell? Or was it Conner? Campbell tied up and the crowd paused, uncertain over which crew to congratulate. Then a reporter ran up with the decision. "Hey," he yelled at Campbell, "Davenport's withdrawn his protest!"

Andy Rose, a stalwart Campbell crewman, bounced right off the boat onto the dock. "Yahoo," he screamed. "Ya-

hoo. We won!" What had promised to be a tough fight with the protest committee had suddenly turned into victory. "They dropped it," Rose babbled. "They dropped it."

Indeed they had. The reasoning was apparently based on Davenport's gentlemanly statement: "We felt that we had been invited over here and—being so far behind—we should not jeopardize Campbell's victory." (Besides, one Davenport crewman explained later, they'd really hoisted their protest flag to throw a scare into Campbell.)

Fine for Campbell. But when opponent Conner heard the news, he stalked over to Davenport's boat and climbed aboard. There was a summit meeting of sorts belowdecks and then Conner reappeared—smiling. Had he changed Davenport's mind about the protest? No. "Campbell still wins," he said.

But surely he felt bad? Surely he felt that he had been robbed?

"No," Conner said again. "We came here with a crew of men who had never sailed together before. On top of that, I'm a small-boat sailor, and I feel pleased that we did as well as we did. Congressional Cup racing is great, but..." And, his voice trailing off, he walked away with an easy smile.

A few boats down, Campbell and crew were cleaning up their boat, coiling lines, removing spinnaker poles, bagging sails. He had made it through the series losing only once, the Ficker match. "Yeah," he grunted, "we wanted to beat him. But we made a mistake and let him get out from under us."

Still, there was the reward of the cup itself—about the size of a bathtub—and the winner's crimson blazer, a bit of apparel that Congressional sailors like to think is the most distinctive item in sail racing. And there was certain hard joy in the fact that the Campbell Kids had upheld the tradition that, in eight years, has always kept an Easterliner from winning.

It all meant, according to one sailing expert, that, given the opportunity, a crew like Campbell's could run the America's Cup ragged. "They're tough, they're mean and merciless," the expert said. "They're brats. But, by gosh, they sure can sail."

They sure can. And the confrontation might one day take place. One cannot help but wonder if it's possible to get a good mai tai at Marble House. **END**

All the smalls were tall

Whatever they call that brand of ball, it looked awfully imposing when Travis Grant was shooting and the jukes and Roanoke were playing

They come from Boiling Springs, Nacogdoches, Frankfort and, of course, Eau Claire. They play in that interesting basketball get-together, the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics tournament, which faces off 32 "small college" teams from other places like Princess Anne, Md., and Arkladelphia, Ark., and they come up with people like Travis Grant, on his way to the pros. Travis Grant, the alltime collegiate scoring leader, who banked his 4,000th

career point in the semifinal against Stephen F. Austin. Travis Grant, who set a new NAIA tournament record of 60 points in one game against poor Minot State. Travis Grant, from Clayton, Ala., which is also the hometown of George Wallace. It was a big week for Clayton.

The 21 pro scouts, six general managers and seven coaches at the tournament slavered over Grant. "He is the best pure shooter I've ever seen," Len Snyder of the Buffalo Braves said. Bob Cousy was drooling. "Grant plays no defense," he said, "but he hardly needs to. Any NBA club with a big stud at center would find him extremely useful just as he is."

Grant actually had a cold stretch in the first half of his 60-point performance. He scored 43 for his Kentucky State Thorebreds in the second half. But then earlier this season he had put in 50 in one half against Eastern Michigan.

"I didn't feel I had an unusual game," Grant said modestly afterward. "It was my usual performance."

The tournament had some other usual performances, by Grant's teammate Sam Sibert, who matched his 6'7" frame against a 7'3" St. Thomas center and blocked 15 shots in one half, which must be the combined pro and college record. (One pro scout said he was ready to forget Grant and draft Sibert.) By George Adams, a 6'5" forward for Gardner-Webb of Boiling Springs, N.C., who averaged 33.8 points a game this year. And by Mike Ratliff, Eau Claire's 6'10" center. Only on a club as balanced as Eau Claire would Ratliff average a mere 22.4 points and 14.9 rebounds a game. Ratliff's figures would be bigger were it not for Guard Frank Schade, whose cuts and use of screens, not to mention his outside shooting, have to be seen.

All of which leaves Eau Claire's most remarkable asset yet unmentioned. Its maniacal student fans, between 4,000 and

5,000 strong (out of a student body of 8,251), staged a virtual occupation of Kansas City. Practically from dawn to dusk from Monday to Sunday, they swarmed over Civic Plaza in downtown KC and undoubtedly and unequivocally set a national small-college alltime record for partying and nonsport cheering. The local cops were so impressed with the gang's voluntary collection of huge heaps of beer cans that they were considering writing a letter of commendation to the college.

At night the Eau Claire students entered the auditorium in a body, and immediately an enormous baritone voice would crash out of the concrete of the upper stands. "We are the Blugolds, we are the Blugolds," over and over and over, hypnotically.

The Blugolds needed all the help they could get just to reach the semifinals. Tiny Belhaven College, enrollment 580, playing an all-white lineup recruited entirely from the not very basketball-berserk state of Mississippi, stretched Eau Claire most of the way as it shot an impossible 68.8% from the floor in the first half and finally lost 59-53. Charlie Tharp, a 6'11" giant from Indiana, outplayed the formidable Ratliff on both offense and defense, hitting 10 of 11 and 21 points in the first half alone. His feat, avidly viewed by the scouts, was all the more remarkable because he was often double-teamed, and Belhaven did not have a guard to feed him.

As if Tharp was not enough, the Blugolds had to run across Augustana's normally sober student population, which matched Eau Claire's fanaticism to a qualitative standoff. The Clansmen were so drunk on euphoria that the Eau Claire mob didn't quite know what to make of them, particularly when Eau Claire discovered it was looking up to a team. Jolly blond giant Bruce Hamming, 6'10", might have whipsawed Eau Claire had not the fierce Schade shot three brilliant baskets within 48 seconds and set up many more with the most spectacular guard play of the journey.

Naturally, this made for a superb buildup to the finals. And who were in them? Eau Claire, of course, which had wasted Gardner-Webb 83-68, even though it never did shoot off Adams, who finished with 30 points. And Kentucky State, which had destroyed Minot State 118-68 in Grant's 60-point game, trot-



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ted past West Georgia 112-83, laughed at St. Thomas so hard it possibly could have lost the game before winning 66-57 and beat Stephen F. Austin in a hard battle 87-82. The Austin Lumberjacks scrambled back in contention when Grant went out on fouls, a rare occurrence. Much of the credit for that belonged to a gallant freshman, Andria Brown of Chireno, Texas, who played astonishing defense, holding Grant to a mere 12 points in the first half.

In the finals Eau Claire began as if it were going to blast Kentucky State out of the auditorium. It had a 13-5 lead and within the first 4½ minutes, Steve Johnson, guarding Grant, and Sibert, guarding Rathiff, had each drawn two fouls. This was a measure of the emphasis on defense. Within another three minutes, Sibert had drawn his third foul, but then Eau Claire blew the game, frittering away its chance.

The turning point came early in the second half when Johnson drew his fourth foul. Schade tried to compensate with 10 points from outside, but Eau Claire began to miss badly and turn over the ball. When it was over, Travis Grant and the Thoroughbreds had won 71-62.

After the game, Eau Claire Coach Ken Anderson refused to say that Grant had anything to do with the deep melancholy he found himself in. "He certainly wasn't the difference," he said. "He got 39 tonight and Kentucky State got 71." Which is like saying Travis Grant is not a great rebounder, nor a great defender, nor does he put the ball on the floor. He only shoots.

- There was excitement of another sort during the week, as reported by Larry Keith. It occurred in Hutchinson, Kans., where the smooth young men with their fistfuls of dollars gathered for the silver anniversary of America's biggest cattle roping. That, as any coach worth his alligator knickers and recruiting budget knows, is what has become of the generally unknown National Junior College Basketball Tournament.

This no doubt eluded the honest townsfolk who came up from the salt mines and down from the grain elevators only to see if the local entry could properly observe the town's centennial by winning the big trophy. Everyone else—players, coaches, recruiters and Marques Haynes of the Harlem Magicians—realized that no other place in

college basketball could display so much raw, unrefined talent.

"It's like an open slave market, and it gets worse every year," said one Southwest Conference bidder. "Every coach here is trying to make a deal."

Their hope, reflected in the knowing nods that acknowledge a good play, was that they might find another juco star as accomplished as Spencer Haywood or Artis Gilmore or Sidney Wicks, all ex-jucos, a player who could maintain a successful program or renovate a failing one. They saw some of those, or they think they did but, save for the finalists, the whole teams were not always as good as their parts.

As expected, unbeaten Vincennes made its way into the finals; unexpected, it was joined by Ferrum (Va.), a sure thing for the interloper trophy if nothing else. A young team without athletic scholarships and with a first-year coach, Ferrum hardly endeared itself by initially dominating hometown Hutchinson and later in the semifinals booting out Tyler, whose Ruppian coach, Floyd Wagstaff, had won 678 juco games. Without a starter over 6' 3", Vincennes played its controlled game—unusual among the jucos—and won 73-61. It was the team's third national championship in seven years.

Few of the recruiters and four-year coaches and assistants stayed around for the finals. They had already matched the best available talent with their particular needs. Out of the tournament at least 60 kids will be signed. The exceptional ones include 6' 9" Butch Taylor of Gulf Coast (Fla.), 6' 7" Greg McDougald of Seminole (Okla.), 6' 7" Billy Buford of Paducah (Ky.), 6' 8" Ken Morgan of Casper (Wyo.), 6' 6" Charles McKinley of Tyler and Bill Butler, the 6' 2" center of Vincennes.

Another might be a Calvin Murphy-type guard (not to be confused with Erie's 6' 7" Calvin Murphy) named Victor Kelly of Southern Idaho. The 5' 6" scouter had 38 points for the single-game tournament high, but coaches fear he may be too small for the big.

"The talent here is exceptional," said Iowa State's Maury John, who won two national juco titles himself and later fashioned a successful program at Drake with third-year transfers. "It is easier to tell about these kids than those right out of high school because you have a better idea of what they can do in higher com-

petition. At least if you make a mistake he's not around for four years."

He won't be, of course, but the fans and the hard-working people from Lytle Rishel American Legion Post 68 will. Already plans are being made for Hutchinson Junior College to win in the town's bicentennial year.

- Up in Evansville, Ind. the third tournament of the week, one staged by the NCAA for its so-called small colleges, erupted in a big-time brawl, the sort that had been seen at South Carolina and Minnesota. In this instance, however, reaction as reported by Peter D. Swanson, was quick and decisive, indicating that repeated experience may be teaching coaches and officials how to deal with on-the-court fighting.

The incident involved Eastern Michigan's superlative George Gervin, who, after being ejected from a semifinal game because of a flagrant foul, returned to the court and knocked Roanoke College's Jay Piccola unconscious. Roanoke won the game, however, and Piccola recovered to score 22 points in the 84-72 championship victory over Akron.

Gervin was not around the next night when his team left Tennessee State, the tournament favorite, win the consolation game 107-82. He had been sent home by Coach Jim Cutcher, and three other starters, who were fearful of the emotion that might cloud the last game, went with him. Before the game, at the suggestion of Tennessee State Coach Ed Martin, all of the players shook hands.

"It was an excellent idea," said Akron Coach Dr. Wyatt Webb. "It showed everybody that we were just out here to play basketball."

Webb's own team had beaten Tennessee State in the semifinals before losing to Roanoke, whose 16-game winning streak going into the tournament was not expected to last long. Nobody had known about Guard Hal Johnston, however, a philosophy major and the tournament's Most Valuable Player. The son of a one-time University of Miami quarterback, Johnston was going to be a quarterback, too, before he fell off the back of a truck and, among other bad things, lost his senses of taste and smell. Despite the Gervin affair, Johnston may yet savor his victory. Gervin and his school were properly contrite, which is a tasty way to end any season, big college or small. **END**

Puckish end to a drab affair

B.U. wins the NCAA with stout defense and a crafty power play

What the NCAA hockey tournament desperately needed was a little life. A little pizzazz. You know, like a few affidavits. "Hey, kid, sign this or we'll put scabbards on your skates." Or maybe a ceremonial contract-signing. "The Vancouver Buffalos announced today they have inked Rod-Guy Hull of Spitfire U. to a 65-year contract for \$213 billion and a Volkswagen with movable steering wheel, to be named later." Or even one of those great player jumps: J.C. SUPERSTAR SWITCHES TEAMS DURING NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Thankfully, though, last week's tournament at the Boston Garden was one of those drab affairs. No lawyers. No agents. No judges. No restraining orders. Just a simple old hockey championship with a touch of generation-gap suspense left over from the 4 p.m. soap opera. Could Boston University, the defending champion, win again for departing Coach Jack Kelley?

Like most freshmen in Boston, Kelley and B.U. goalie Tim Regan had a big St. Patrick's Day weekend. In the opening game against Wisconsin, Regan allowed a fluke score in the early minutes but recovered to stop the Badgers the rest of the way while B.U. rallied for a 4-1 victory. Then, on Saturday night, before a capacity crowd of 14,995, Regan stopped 39 shots and handed Cornell its first shutout in eight years as B.U. won the championship 4-0.

Not surprisingly, Kelley, who now leaves B.U. to become coach and general manager of the New England Whalers of the World Hockey Association, and Regan, who spent most of the last

year and a half deep in Kelley's dormhouse, spoke on different wavelengths after the game. "Last year, when we won the NCAA, we finished only third in the East and a lot of people thought we sneaked into the nationals," Kelley said. "But this year there is no question about who's No. 1. We were first in the East and now we're first in the NCAA." Over in a corner of the room Regan seemed less excited. "Can two games make you forget things that have been on your mind for about two years?" he asked. "I don't think so. I'm just glad it's over, so let's forget about it."

Although Cornell and B.U. had won the last two NCAA championships, they were expected to finish in the consolation game this year. Denver, the best team in the West, supposedly had more good players than most of the expansion teams in the National Hockey League, while Wisconsin also was rated much stronger than the Eastern teams. But, as both Cornell and B.U. proved, there is one reliable way that a weak team can beat a strong one. "Tight, close, persistent forechecking backed by good goaltending will do it every time," said Ned Harkness, the former Cornell coach who now is the general manager of the Detroit Red Wings. "The Western teams can't handle the good forechecking because they don't see it too often."

Ironically, both Cornell and B.U. had definite goaltending problems at the start of the tournament. B.U.'s regular goaltender, All-America Dan Brady, who was the MVP of the 1971 NAAs, caught his skate in a rut at a Monday afternoon practice and suffered severe ligament damage in his knee. There was no way he would play. And Dave Elenbaas was 99 to 1 not to be in front of Cornell's net. In the Eastern championship game against B.U. Elenbaas had pulled a hamstring muscle under his right thigh. "I can't split," he said, "and I don't have much mobility in the net."

With Brady injured, Kelley had to play Regan. Two years ago as a sophomore Regan was B.U.'s regular goalie, while Brady was the backup. Last year he was the regular goalie for 14 games, but after B.U. lost 5-1 at Cornell, Kelley benched Regan and started to play Brady regularly. "He told us we were going to alternate this year," Regan said. "He wanted us to alternate by game, but we wanted to split the games—30 minutes each. At least that was the plan."

But Regan spoiled the plan. When B.U. played an exhibition game against the U.S. Olympic team, Regan performed spectacularly. After the game Murray Williamson, the Olympic coach, began to inquire about Regan's availability for Sapporo. "It was the chance of a lifetime," Regan said, "and the best thing was that I wouldn't have to miss out on any classwork." Regan joined the Olympic team before Christmas, and for the next three weeks he commuted from the Olympic camp to wherever B.U. happened to be playing. Then, to Kelley's dismay, he went to Japan.

"Before I left, I told the coach that if anything happened to Danny I'd come home immediately," Regan said. One night, sure enough, Brady injured his ankle. Kelley immediately phoned Regan in Sapporo. "The call came at 4 a.m. Wednesday," Regan said. "I left Tokyo Wednesday at 9 a.m. and arrived back in Boston at 4:45 p.m. the same day. I went right from the airport to practice." As Regan understood Kelley on the phone, B.U. needed him now. But Regan did not play in B.U.'s next few games and, in fact, started only once the rest of the year. "No, I was not very happy," Regan said last week. "Now I've got to play and I don't know how ready I am. It's not that easy."

Cornell's Elenbaas, meanwhile, spent most of the week in a whirlpool bath. "The leg is all black and blue, and it's all taped up," he said. "I can barely move." Elenbaas lives off-campus in Ithaca in the house where Ken Dryden, the former Cornell goalie who now plays for the Montreal Canadiens, once lived. Like Dryden, Elenbaas is an academic wizard—he is majoring in communications arts. "I'd like to be a sportswriter," he says, "so I'm also on the staff of the student paper. But I don't cover hockey. I don't want it to sound as though I'm second-guessing the coach."

When play began Thursday night, Regan was obviously shaky in the B.U. goal, and midway through the first period he mishandled an easy 65-foot shot to give Wisconsin a 1-0 lead. The Badgers outplayed B.U. badly throughout the period, and they started strongly in the second period, too. But then the game abruptly changed. Wisconsin's Pat Lannan had a breakaway against Regan, *miso o miso*, Lannan shot. Regan split, and his left hand picked off what looked to be a certain goal.

Regan stared at the puck and then at Guy Burrows, a teammate. "How did it stay there?" he asked. "Don't worry about it," Burrows advised.

After Regan's save, B.U. turned to its forechecking style and kept the Badgers tied up in their own end the rest of the game. B.U.'s Paul Giandomenico, who at 5' 6" and 140 pounds was the smallest player in the tournament, tied the game late in the second period when he stole the puck near the Wisconsin goal and beat Goale Dick Perkins with a perfect shot over his near shoulder. Then Captain Jake Danby scored three straight goals as B.U. coasted home.

The next night Elenbaas received a cortisone shot and felt fit to play. Denver, a team with great individual talent, came out and started to show some hard-nosed hockey. When in Boston Garden, someone must have told them, play like the big, bad Bruins. But while the big, bad Denver forwards and defensemen were busy crashing the Cornell players into the boards

and ice, they forgot about basics like passing the puck and clearing it away from their goalie Bam, Bam Bam. Cornell led 3-0. Denver settled down in the second period and closed the score to 3-2, but Cornell poured in four more goals to embarrass Denver 7-2.

The championship game was a rematch of a rematch of a rematch. Cornell had beaten B.U. by one goal at Christmastime and then by one goal again early in March, but the Terriers had whipped Cornell 4-1 for the Eastern championship. "We play their style, they play ours," said Dick Bertrand, the Cornell coach.

Regan and Elenbaas both did a good job in goal, and in the end it was B.U.'s superior power play that won the title game. Over the past two years B.U. has converted 36.5% of its power-play chances. It usually works like this. If Defensemen Bob Brown and Rick Jordan, who generally work together, have just finished their shift or are tired when B.U. gets a man advantage, the B.U. goalie

immediately motions to the referee that there is something wrong with his equipment and asks for a break to make repairs. The goalie lazily skates to the B.U. bench, and the trainer pretends to fix the equipment while Brown and Jordan take a breather. When the goalie returns to his cage, Brown and Jordan come onto the ice refreshed.

B.U. scored the first two times it went on the power play against Cornell Saturday night. Brown and Jordan set up Ron Anderson for the first goal in the first period, then Brown set up Jordan for a 30-foot slap shot that Elenbaas never moved on in the second period. Anderson and Jordan both scored again, and B.U. had another title.

Regan, who was voted the MVP, met his fiancée, Kathy Larson, after the game and drove off to the Dugout Cafe, a watering hole across from the B.U. campus. "I'm Irish," he said. "St. Patrick's Day was yesterday, I know, but I'll do my celebrating today." He shrugged. "One day. Big difference." END

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ALL THE BEST



Bubbly, birds and the game of soccer do go together—as long as the Best is George

Few men in games ever express the temper and rhythm of their times to the point of becoming the embodiment of a social climate. It is not only a matter of authentic genius; there is also the pure accident, a collision between a man and his age, and today only three men would seem to qualify as more than statutory passed in our race to crush boredom: El Cordobés, the bold vagabond from Andalusia who spoke in the bullring for an unshackled Spain; Muhammad Ali, whose courage spoke for sanity; and finally George Best, who is.

Just who George Best is accounts for volumes of opinion and thesis, agreeing only that he is the most gifted soccer player in Great Britain, that he has tiptoed his way through half of England's import of Russian vodka, that he has a Faroukian collection of girls, that he is—God willing—an outside wager to reach the age of 30. He is one of the few figures, perhaps the last, of mythological dimension in the history of English soccer. A man of only 25 whose appeal is so vast, so hypnotic he is daily matter for talk from Parliament to Soho, a source of vicarious pleasure and pique for millions. "Why, why do we make so much fuss over him?" muses an English critic, fearful that George Best dwarfs

the game itself and dims its sanctity.

"George Best is an endless job," says his agent Ken Stanley. "We've a full-time staff of six people working continually on Georgie." The work includes handling roughly 2,000 letters a week from every part of the world and the control of maybe one of the largest fan worships ever founded. "A lot of people don't like the fan club," says Stanley, "but it makes sense. If George gave everyone what they want, his mailing costs would run to £10,000. The club helps cut the costs. And we have never asked anyone to join, people begged us to form it—15,000 of them." By the time he is 30, says Stanley, George Best will be worth a fortune, so extraordinary is the power of his name, attached to everything from eggs to men's shorts.

Going by train to Manchester, the besooted, dandy austere city north of London where Best reigns like a prodigal prince, one tries to put him in some perspective from the convenient valley of ignorance. Less dramatic than Ali, closer to El Cordobés, Best seems at first to be simply another totem in the current cult of image that can hardly bear much more traffic—another of those who are sold like the latest aberration in fashion, surface rebels who are trendily precocious

continued

photograph by DAVID CHAPMAN

by MARK KRAM



BEST ROADMAP

and craftily practical, all of those free-form souls who have now become as prosaic as the crew cuts who adorned the Eisenhower era, the backlash of which may have visited upon us this even more boring species.

But George Best is a soccer player. Sung about in music halls, fought over in pubs, the game has always been the primary release for the working class. The cloth-cap tides eventually swept it to the top of English sport and forged themselves, for one brief moment each week, into a new community. "All brothers together," wrote J. B. Priestley, "for . . . not only had you escaped from the clanking machinery of this lesser life, from work, wages, rent, doles, sick pay, insurance cards, nagging wives, ailing children, bad bosses . . . but you had escaped with most of your mates and your neighbors, with half the town, and there you were, cheering together . . . swapping judgments like lords of the earth, having pushed your way through a turnstile into another and altogether more splendid kind of life. . . ."

For decades soccer clubs harvested the fanaticism and religiosity of the men from the mills and factories, and fed on the abundant talent that came from

them. Niggardly to their players, rigid in their demand for absolute servitude, the clubs thrived and stood contemptuous and aghast at periodic suggestions that they adopt a more liberal spirit. "I used to look at those crowds," recalls Jimmy Logan, a star in the 1950s, "and think I was the only star who earned less than the people watching me."

Peonage ended early in the '60s, but it was not until Best came from Ireland, out of a council house in Belfast, that a new era became personalized.

To calibrate the rise of George Best, his impact on a generation, go back to what was commonly known in 1965 as Swinging London. Harold Wilson was talking about a classless New Britain. The Kings Road in Chelsea, with its lovely girls from every corner of the earth, its mélange of Cockney burglars and escapist aristocrats, its air heavy with the scent of a New Day, was the first center of what would later be called social revolution. Even the old gray *Tatler* sensed the surrounding decomposition, and its owners reorganized in an attempt at a journal that might appeal to England's "new aristocracy." But the grubby absolute of soccer remained as so much else was slipping past, though nobody

on the Kings Road—the sybarite, the searcher for any old high—talked of a game so rooted in another time.

Then came George Best. For the first time, in a nation just as team conscious as America, a single presence seemed to dominate the stage: from the appearance of the players to the style of the game itself, things would never be the same again. Even though now he seems one of many, it is sheer nonsense to group Best with his imitators. He was an original, he was to soccer what the Beatles were to music out of Liverpool, what Carnaby Street was to fashion. He not only brought a new genius to the game, he transformed it into entertainment, a word some officials still cannot abide.

But George Best did not create himself, did not sit down one day at Old Trafford and say, "I think I will be different." It was the mood of the people that made him, and he moved upon it like a bottle on the sea, sometimes smoothly, often turbulently. Expressing that mood more and more with each new day of his young life, he became, and is, the epitome of the hero, meaning that he is what we are not, that he is unlike anything or anyone who trudges through our environment. It is a time



Among Best birds have been: Anne Hulton, Jackie Glass, Susan George, Eva Haraldsted and Carolyn Moore, Miss Great Britain.

of romantic longing, and few have satisfied it more than George Best. He is now the ultimate hero of the working class, which gorges itself on pieces of him every Saturday afternoon, and a flesh and blood fantasy to English soccer's growing new audience, the young and the beautiful and the hip who cannot distinguish between reality and role, to whom everything is a scene out of a movie ("like a scene out of *Casablanca*, damn it . . . you know, with a fan on the ceiling in this Moroccan bar").

Not even in the tweedy isolation of Blossoms Lane up in Manchester, where Best owns a house and often broods these days, can he shut out the hysteria, evade the reach of those who want to be near him. "It was once quiet in Blossoms Lane," says a woman on a nearby farm. "Now the place has become a Sunday drive-out, a main stop for tour coaches, and cars are passing up and down all hours with people just gawping and teen-agers stomping all over my lovely garden hoping for a glimpse of him." One of the men who worked on the house says, "It was a public monument before the roof went up. On Sundays you could not park for the sightseers and girls who came out to watch

the work. Why, when we advertised for general laborers the replies were five times the normal. Forty instead of the expected eight! Best was always George to the workmen. I can see him now, sitting on a wall during tea breaks having a cup from a laborer's brew can."

Quiet and running colors, the late October day up on Blossoms Lane seemed far removed from the shadow of the Irish war, but there it was, like shrapnel in your cornflakes. Police rimmed the Best house, not because another girl had recently thumbed her way to his house to present her dreamings at his front door but because his life had been threatened a week before, and now a woman had reported that two men had rung her bell, asking for Best's address. One of them, she said, had a gun.

As he opened the door, having peeked through the window and waved to the police, the lunacy of Ulster was etched deeply on the face of George Best, and rightly so: when it comes to Ulster, birth and blood are not gainsaid by altering one's geography. "The Protestants are getting more Protestant," says Best, "and the Catholics more Catholic. Even the wildest rumors are believed over there. They're saying I gave Ian Paisley

£3,000 to help finance one of his churches. Imagine anything more ridiculous. But that's the kind of thing that can get you shot. It's so horrible, and there seems no way out." He guides his visitors through the great windowed house, which cost him £40,000 and is replete with the gadgetry and comfort and—to some—the ostentation of sudden success, a mammoth color television and stereo that disappears by remote control, a large wine rack, a sunken tub that looks like an empty lake, a game room from which he once threw a pool cue through the window in a moment of lonely rage.

Now, walking from window to window, he pauses to comment, "If a sniper wanted to do a job on you he couldn't pick a better place." He adds that it was not really injury, as had been claimed, that prevented him from playing for Ireland. He says he has been told that if he goes there he will never make it back to England. He appears agitated; the deep-set blue eyes with the half-inch lashes that are forever being mentioned on women's pages are empty, the face, with its pall of a beard, grows darker in the dying light. It is not existence on the precipice of danger

continued

BEST continued

that bothers him so much but danger's intrusiveness, its coming at a time when he was performing as no other British player before him, all with a zest and joy that critics once contended had been doused by his fame.

"You know," he says, "I still find a special thrill in playing with goalposts with nets. When we are training at Old Trafford and there are no nets I feel like going in a half and refusing to practice. I still get a special charge when the ball makes that whirring noise as it hits the nets." The phone has beeped constantly. Most of the time he has left it to his answering service, but he can scarcely bear to do this, for the phone offers escape from his isolation, though it means, more often than not, idle and constipated exchange with a girl friend; he is not glib, on the phone or off it. Then it is his mother who calls, and his

response to her is cool and tinged slightly with bravado, as if he hopes his manner will allay her fears, quiet her roiled emotions, the anxieties about him that have impaired her health since the day he left home for Manchester when he was 15. He puts down the phone, sighs and shakes his head.

"My sister," he says. "She got shot in the leg coming out of a dance. Not badly, but bad enough. And she got shot because she is my sister."

Night falls, and Best directs the conversation toward less sinister matters: a note from Harold Wilson commending him on a spectacular goal, a letter from a close girl friend who pleads with him to turn and chase whatever it is that he is running from—and would he refrain from kicking down her door at all hours of the morning because the next time he does, her neighbor says she will have

her police dog attach one of his lovely legs. "I used to joke that my ambition was to be a millionaire," he says, veering from his personal straits to his fiscal condition. "Now it's not so much a joke. I'll be disappointed if I'm not near it by the time I'm 30. Then I'm going to breeze. I've had Manchester. It's like Peyton Place. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing. I don't know if I could ever live anywhere in this country after I've finished. I thought Switzerland was great, but when I went there I found it was too perfect, too beautiful, just too much."

Though a common condition in youth, the restiveness, the urge to be somewhere other than where one is, seems almost chronic in Best. His sudden flights are seldom signaled. He will be in his villa in Majorca, and he will fly back to London to get a haircut. He will be up in



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Manchester, and will suddenly make a three-hour drive to London for dinner. His father recalls answering a knock late one night at the house in Belfast. "There he was, George," he says, "standing on the doorstep wearing one of those Honolulu shirts and old suede shoes, no shave, and he's askin' for two quid for the taxi. Then he runs upstairs, picks up the twin girls and his little brother out of bed and brings them down and plays with them for a couple of hours. The next mornin', dawn hardly up, he catches the plane back to Manchester."

Best walks his guests to the door, and he appears reluctant to say goodbye. "To tell you the truth, I'd like to go into town and have a drink with you, but the police won't let me out of the place. I'm glad I've had someone to talk to. I think I'll get a bird over here. You know, some bloke in London would rip me

for saying that. Like they always do, he'd write I was not serious about my work. Well, I know I would be a far better player if I became obsessed with the game as some fellows are. It just so happens that the way I'm made—and, let's face it, the way I look has a lot to do with it—takes me into many other things in life. I get on very well with birds, and I'm not one to fight against that. I like to enjoy myself, to get pleasure out of the money I'm making."

He smiles and then says, "If I had been born ugly you'd never have heard of Pelé. As it is, it just wouldn't be possible, you see, for me to live like a monk to suit the demands of the game. I'd go mad. I know I burn the candle at both ends and drink too much, but I love the game and work hard at it. I don't kid myself that I give it absolutely everything I could. When you ask me if I

consider myself the best player in the world the answer is no. But I'm sure I could be. When I'm right at my sharpest I feel I can do anything with the ball whatever the opposition. All I'm saying is that I could never narrow my life down to the point where the only thing that mattered was the game. No one knows how it feels to be me. I . . ."

His voice trails off, and then one of the police hollers out of the dark, "You're a fine target, standin' there in the light, George. You'll catch a cold, too."

How strange it all still must seem to Best, that house, the police out in front of it, a life so frightfully remote from his gray smoke of an existence in Belfast: the front doors of the houses painted the same; scrawny privet hedges; ragged kids in the streets in the winter light, trying to dribble with balls made of band-

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It is harder than ever taking on George Best, but in this game Middlesbrough held United to a draw.

BEST continued

ingrains; the streams of men, their breath on the air, hands deep in their pockets, returning from the shipyard where his father worked. "Every night after lessons we played football until bedtime, using the streetlamps as floodlights. Who cared how little money we all had? I never wanted pocket money. Only the game counted. We lived for Saturday afternoons when we would bundle our boots into schoolbags and dash off for the local bus to the pitch."

He was 15—"just a speck of a body"—when Bob Bishop first saw him. Bishop was the Irish scout for Manchester United, and he wired back to United, "I think I have found a genius." The scout went to the Best house and found the genius out front in the dark dancing with a tennis ball; he invited him to spend two weeks in Manchester. "When he arrived," says Mrs. Mary Fullaway, who was his landlady for years and would become another mother to him, "all I remember is this little head looking out of the car window, and I recall saying to myself, 'Well, he'll never make a footballer!'" The next night Best fled back to Belfast. "I felt I didn't belong," he

says. "I was very homesick. When I got home my father was furious. He felt that I had thrown away a chance of a lifetime. I'm sure he felt like whacking me. Yet my mother understood. She put her arm around me and said, 'Never mind, son.'"

Best returned to United, which found him odd jobs, and when he was 17 the club signed him. Four months later he was in his first match; it was to be one of the most memorable debuts in British soccer. He brought the dribble back into the game, a lost art that had faded with Stanley Matthews and Len Shackleton and become obsolete with the genesis of the versatile player of the mid-'60s. "The memory that Best left in my mind after that game," recalls one critic, "was of frailty animated into intensely personal enterprise." Quickly, Best became firmly entrenched among the elite of the game, his innovation and instinct exploding into the sort of virtuosity that defied the pedestrian language of soccer. "I've never liked tactics," says Best. "Tactics bore me." The fans steadily came to agree with him, and few will ever forget the pass he once made for a United goal, like a street urchin, with mud crusting his wet black mane, Best made the pass with a stock-

inged foot while holding his boot high in the air.

That sort of acrobatic plainly excites Best. He sometimes imagines himself in a Cup Final at Wembley before the Queen with millions watching on television. He imagines Manchester leading by two goals with 20 minutes left; the team is invincible, so he says, "It is time to show off." First a long kick from the goalkeeper balloons down the field, and he traps it against the turf with his backside. "Can you hear the roar?" he says. "The cheek of it! A player so in control he can bring a ball under his spell by sitting on it. But I haven't finished." The crowd bays crazily. "They want more," he says. "I sweep past the left flank of the defense bouncing the ball on my thighs and never letting it touch the ground. Listen to that crowd," he suggests. "Then the final stroke. A center across the face of the opposition goal. Forget about the laws of balance, I fly into a headstand and volley the ball into the foot of the net with my feet. God, can you hear them?" Impossible? "No, I've done all these things in practice, and I've kept the ball off the ground in a lengthy dribble against West Ham."

Any talk of individualism, or of Best, personal or otherwise, usually invites

comment on Sir Stanley Matthews, who was knighted for what he did on a soccer field. Matthews was a dour figure who typified the working class of the '30s, a part of England that could not have related to the glamour of any era and never thought of clawing its way out of anonymity, a silent horde that lived daily with dole and debt. By his every feature, Matthews was one of them. He had high cheekbones, pale lips, an unemotional face that seemed never to have known youth; if you were going to paint the face of Stanley Matthews it would be the classic worker's face. He never smoked, never drank, and two sentences back to back were a speech for him. Thrift directed his personal life and hard work wrought a career of tempered steel. Until 1965, when he finally retired at the age of 50, Stanley Matthews was an inexorable force of drama and dignity across the terraces of British stadiums.

"In a sense," remembers one fan, "Matthews' clinging to his playing days was very like the manner in which he played individual matches. When he moved with the ball, shuffling, leaning, edging ever closer to the defender, he was always the man teetering on the very brink of disaster, and we waited breathlessly to see whether this time he would fall or whether yet again he would come swaying back at the last possible moment to run on clear and free. We'll never know how he would have fared today against these faster, lighter, more tenacious defenders. Some think he would not have done well. Maybe, but if I were going to pick an all-time international team, I'd have Matthews, at 35, on my right wing and George Best [actually also a winger] at inside right, and invite the opposition to find the ball."

No quality of perception is required to say that Best and Matthews would be an attack for the ages, even though the only thing they would have in common would be their immense prestige and spare bodies. Unlike Matthews', Best's face implies that he would crumple in the presence of a hard day's work. It is a face, one thinks, that would bring a snicker from a workman; surely he could not impute to it the stuff of heroism. But in England today as elsewhere, the worker, like those who play on Kings Road, wants his share. The prolix cli-

che now used to define his times is, after all, "the revolution of rising expectations," and more than ever he resents the grinding monotony of so much of his work, the obscurity of it all, the cloddish debasement of his being. He is as restless, as disconnected as any kid with a knapsack and a thumb on his way to London. Whatever it is out there they are expecting, he wants some of it, too, and through George Best he has a piece of today.

For all of his elastic appeal, the pop idolatry that seems to distract from his fathomless talent, it is only the Best on the pitch that is genuinely stirring. Out there, searching for space in which to start his long, truly beautiful dribbles, he offers the constant promise of the incredible. "If I had the whole of Britain to choose from," says Sir Alf Ramsey, manager of the English soccer team, "instead of just England, the only non-English player I would pick for my team would be George Best." Sir Matt Busby, a director of United, says that he would not put a price on him, but "in straight cash we'd need a million for him." Busby believes the knife-edged drama of Best taking a ball so close to an opponent to beat him defies imitation. "He is possibly the greatest player on the ball I have ever seen," says Busby. Danny Blanchflower, once one of the stars in Britain, says, "Matthews was, let's face it, a supreme dribbler who would tax even the most ruthless, sophisticated defenses of today. But he was primarily a provider. Tom Finney was perhaps a better all-rounder than Matthews. But George Best gets my vote. He's a master of control and manipulation, a superb combination of creator and finisher, and he can play anywhere along the line. But more than the others he seems to have a wider, more appreciative eye for any situation. He seldom passes to a colleague in a poor position. He is prepared to carry the responsibility himself. Best, it seems to me, makes a greater appeal to the senses.

"His movements are quicker, lighter, more balletic. He offers the greater surprise to the mind and the eye. Though you could do nothing about it, you usually knew how Matthews would beat you. In those terms, he was more predictable to the audience. Best, I feel, has the more refined, unexpected range. And with it all there is his utter dis-

regard of physical danger. Just think of his ability to beat all of the giants in the game while in the air. He has timing and balance in his feet and ice in his veins. But I doubt if he will ever play as long as Matthews. George is one of the most closely marked players I have ever seen. Hatchet men track his every stride, and he takes terrible punishment."

Evidence of the violence dealt to Best is visible after every match. His shoulders are black and blue and his heel tendons and fragile ankles show the impact of persistent boots. A sear runs across the ridge of his right brow, there is another on his left knee. The right knee has hardly any cartilage. The pain absorbed, the pressure of being hounded and his own quick temper keep Best in constant trouble with officials; the fact that he plays for United does not promote coolness, either. The club, one of the most magnetic in Europe, is no stranger to bad conduct, and its fans are famous for their misbehavior. They are not enamored of London teams, and one of their songs goes, "Oh, we kicked him where he lives and we kicked him in the head. Bleedin' old Cockney . . . he's dead." Such a team and fans are dry tinder to Best's inflammatory petulance, and the results seem forever splashed blackly across the tops of English papers.

"He's a temperamental player," says Referee Eric Jennings, who was caught by some mud Best threw. "No one else can take the ball off him. If things go wrong, he gets upset. I think it's his nationality."

"I don't ask for special consideration for George," says Busby, "but in some respects he deserves it. I am convinced that some opponents have gone out to hurt him. He takes some knocks long after the ball is gone. No one in the game takes as much stick as George and probably no one ever has."

Of more concern to Busby, his current manager Frank O'Farrell and the press—the latter sympathetic most of the time—is the personal comportment of Best. His lapses range from numerous nightclub incidents and romantic entanglements to motoring infractions and serious breaches of training. Always there is a girl who eventually sells her story of George to one of the papers, which usually titillates the masses with

continued

headlines like ONE DANCE AND GEORGE RUINS MY ROMANCE, GEORGE BEST THE LOVER . . . BY THE GIRL HE PLANNED TO WED. One of his more publicized entanglements was with a Danish girl named Eva Haraldsted; he invited her to spend a week in England, and she stayed onto sue him for breach of promise. "I finally settled it with her," says George. "I gave her some money, and she used it to get a nose job."

Eva says, "George was gentle, he was kind, he made me feel that he was the only man who mattered. When George wanted something, money was no object. Why, when my clean clothes ran out—remember I had brought only enough over for a week—he gave me a blank check to go and buy some more. One of our first differences was when he picked up some spacers with his fingers to chew them, and I said: 'George, that's not very nice.' I wished I had kept my mouth shut. He hated me to defy or contradict him, especially when other people were present. On the way back in the dining car, after a game, one of his friends offered me a cigarette. George said, 'She doesn't smoke.' I didn't, but I took the cigarette just to let George know I had a mind of my own. He didn't speak to me the rest of the journey."

"He had a fear of breaking a leg, and he told me the trainers of the other teams always shouted, 'Go for his legs!' He also had a thing about his image as a nice guy, and he would not leave a card game if he was winning. He liked to stay until he had lost. The George Best I knew was simply sensitive and kind. But his pet hate remained. He couldn't stand for me to argue with him in public. Once when I did, he told the papers the following day that we were through. I asked him why and he said, 'Because I feel I can't remain faithful to you.'"

Another girl suggests that going out with Best "is a bit like being on a jet plane, piloted by a blindfolded Jekyll and Hyde." She says that a girl with Best is in a situation in which she has little or no control, and that above all she must have a complete disregard for human logic. "I was watching a movie with him once, and suddenly my name was flashed on the screen. There was an urgent message for me at the manager's office. I made a mad dash up the aisle, thinking of every serious thing I could imagine. The manager calmly handed me the envelope. I opened it nervously, and what do you think it says? 'I Love You, G.' " A more concise assessment of Best comes from still another girl.

"Sometimes he's an Irish navy, sometimes he's Cary Grant, but mostly he's himself, quiet, withdrawn, rarely speaking. We used to have some beautiful silences together."

The pursuit of girls, often as carelessly studied as the invasion of Normandy, seems to have finally tired Best himself; that is, if girls are what motivates his truancy from training. His first brush with United came a little more than a year ago. He missed a team train back to Manchester and went off to London instead. There, with half of Fleet Street hanging on his door, he was found with an actress. Bushy suspended him for a fortnight.

The episode was not generally laughed off as a typical Best escapade. The press and the public, to say nothing of his team and his friends, were by this time distinctly concerned about George. "I was so bloody mixed up," he tried to explain. "That I just wanted to get away for a few days. I just wanted some peace and quiet. In the end I panicked. I didn't know what the hell to do. I only wanted some breathing space. I'm so nervous now I even look over my shoulder to see if anyone is following me or watching me. I would be lying if I said I didn't like all the fuss when I first started. I did. But suddenly it's all gone sour. Every move I make is magnified. Even my house gets it. They come and look at it and say it looks like a public lavatory. That's unkind."

A subsequent and similar flouting of training appears to have brought the full wrath of United down upon him, even that of the players who revere him. Best had not been playing to form, and United seemed sadly mediocre. "He'd been part of the decline," said one player, "and he should have been training all week to help us put it right." But Best had disappeared again. At first it was thought that, fearing for the safety of his family, he had returned to Belfast, but when Frank O'Farrell went there to see if he could help, he learned George had not been home in months. O'Farrell returned to Manchester in a graveyard mood. A week later Best proved to have taken off for London again; the script varied principally in that the girl this time was not an actress but the current Miss Great Britain.

When O'Farrell finally had a private talk with Best he emerged saying, "I think he is a lonely boy, a very lonely



Best, with Sir Matt Busby, awaits yet another disciplinary committee hearing.

boy." But then he dropped his ax. He fined Best two weeks' pay, ordered him to train with the regular team in the morning and with juniors every afternoon for a week and told him he must forfeit his day off for five weeks. He then cut at the root of Best's life, demanding that he move out of his house and back into digs with Mrs. Fullaway. All single players are required to live in boardinghouses, but Best had been an exception.

A headline in one of the next day's papers read, BEST MUST LEAVE HOME. Another said, THE BEST SENTENCE. Beneath it was an article by Mrs. Fullaway entitled *I've Kept the Room Ready . . . For My Little Boy Lodger*. "Don't feel sorry for the wee boy," says Pat Creland, George's closest friend on United. "What he needs is a good kick in the arse. If George keeps going on he will not last much longer than another two or three years. He has not got the same respect for football that he once had." Says another, "George needs help. He's got to find out who his friends are. People are getting famous just by being seen with him. There are too many people saying, 'Come on, George, have one more for the road.'" Dave Sadler, who once lived with Best in digs, says, "Sure, I lived with him, but I don't know him. I've not scratched the surface of him." The beauty queen Best had been seeing during his absence from United could only say, "How can he court me now?"

The question is surely of small concern these days to Best, who has become, to the stranger studying him, a curious, incomprehensible little man, instead of the cardboard figure revealing only a mama for girls and nocturnal wanderlust. Now there are glimpses of a hidden self, a self whipped by the compulsions of his youth and times, a Black Irish insistence on self-destruction. To the student of Best, they indicate much more than a caricature—and a future that could find him done in by his image. The race with his facade has left him lonely and confused, a small animal caught in a headlight. "My life controls me," he complains. "But I want to be in control of my life." Maybe that is what he was saying the day a girl he had been seeing stopped by to pick him up. He was gone, leaving only a note on his door. It read: "Nobody knows my name."

END



ONE THING'S FOR SURE on the Jack Daniel's tour, we won't rush you. If you want to stop for something, go ahead and stop.



The tour through our distillery takes about an hour. And if you find anything you'd like to linger over, go ahead. You can catch up on anything you missed from Mr. Garland Dusenberry.

(He's the man who takes you through.) Just tell him what you missed and he'll take it from there. But he's a talker. So you might end up being with us more than an hour. But if you don't mind, we certainly don't either.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED




 DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE

© 1971 Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Moton, Prop., Inc.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 351), TENN.

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine.

It is not a heavy drag cigarette. You don't have to work so hard pulling the smoke through it that all the joy of smoking is lost. Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar'.

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



12 mg
0.8 mg
tar
nicotine
per cigarette
FILTER AND MENTHOL

Filter and Menthol, 12 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 14-20

BASKETBALL—**NBA**: Surprising Boston clinched the Atlantic Division title by winning four in a row, while defending champions New York dropped three of five in four straight games behind it. It was the Celtics' first divisional title in seven seasons. Pittsburgh's John Hallmark, one of the trailblazers since others Tom Vanand and Don Nelson from Boston's championship years, led the Celtics to their victories, scoring 41, 38, 36 and 35 points, which made him the Atlantic Division's career scoring leader ahead of Bob Cousy and projected him into fifth place on the NBA list with 17,099 points in 10 seasons. To the surprise of no one, Milwaukee won the Midwest title by moving 5½ games ahead of Chicago despite dropping two of five in one of the losses, 121-107 to two-time Pacific champion Los Angeles. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored 30 points in an ABA jumper. Charlie Scott's last two games for the Hawks, Phoenix—which won't make the playoffs even though only five teams in the league have better records—the Suns upset the Hawks 100-106 and the Hawks 111-108 on the second 15-13 points. Baltimore won its title in a 101-97 over Detroit before losing to Cleveland 127-118 in overtime. The Rockets then rebounded with two more wins and clinched at least one for the Central Division title when Atlanta, 5½ games out, dropped one of five. Los Angeles moved within three games of the league's single-season record of 60 wins with four victories to run its latest winning streak to six, included in the victory were the Lakers' 29th and 30th road victories, which set another NBA record.

AAU: New Kentucky making its record at 41-13 and its last bid to a staggering 19 games, the only sweep in the division and in the new Division Virginia and New York for second place. The Yankees, who held a seemingly insurmountable 69½-game lead over the Nets just two weeks ago, dropped three of four—making it four losses in five games since Charlie Scott packed his suitcase and wandered over to the NBA—and ran their lead down to two games. New York, on the other hand, defeated Pittsburgh 123-116, Memphis 108-112 as Rick Barry scored 41 points, Carolina 141-127 for a fifth victory, and Kentucky 109-108 on Bill Foster's jump that put four seconds left in the Nets' winning streak in six and kept the Cavaliers 10 games away. Pittsburgh, Carolina, and about eliminated from a playoff spot, had a brief respect of excitement when Larry Miller scored in 179-125 win over Memphis to break Duke's 41st consecutive ABA record of 41. West champion Utah 41 games ahead of Memphis broke its run in Utah's winning streak, to eight victories losing two in a row.

College: In the first round of the National Invitation Tournament at New York's Madison Square

Garden, co-favorite Maryland tipped by St. Joseph's 67-55 as Tom Miller scored 22 points in the nation's second leading score. Rick Pagan, listed in 43 points to lead Ohio to a 74-74 upset of co-favorite Memphis State. Louisville upset Virginia 72-71 as Tracy Trupka's 25 points, St. John's edged Missouri 82-41 in overtime, Jacksonville shocked Portland 88-75, Syracuse beat Davidson 88-77. Princeton defeated Indiana 88-66, and Niagara walloped Texas-El Paso 75-57.

BOATING—**ARGYLE CAMPBELL** won the Congressional Cup, sailed in Cal 40 sloops, off Long Beach, Calif. (page 42).

HOCKEY—**Colgate**: **BOSTON UNIVERSITY** entered its NCAA title challenge on Cornell 4-0 in the final on Boston (page 39).

NHL: New York lost about any chance it had of catching East leader Boston when it dropped two in a row for the first time this season. An unexpected 7-3 loss to California, in which rookie goalie Gary Kirt stopped 40 shots for his first win in six starts, broke the Rangers' 16-game unbeaten streak. Then Chicago beat New York 5-4 as the loss of the injured Jean Ratelle, the Rangers' top scorer and goaltender, started to be felt. "It stings-checking game like this one. Ratelle could have added the difference," said Black Hawk goalie Billy Brey. "They're not the same without him. Everything happens around Ratelle." The Rangers' slide stopped with a 2-1 win over Detroit and a 3-3 victory over Philadelphia but left New York only four points ahead of overdog Montreal, which ran its unbeaten string to 12 games with three more wins on Frank Mahovlich's clutch shooting in a 2-1 victory over Philadelphia. Mahovlich scored the winning goal with 1:04 to go, and in a 5-2 win over Boston, meanwhile, scored two goals and one assist. Boston, meanwhile, scored and tied one to hold a five-point lead over New York, while Toronto ran its unbeaten streak to seven before losing one and tying one, and held a five-point lead on fourth place, six points ahead of Detroit. The closest race in the league was the battle for the first playoff spot between Chicago and Minnesota in the West. Los Angeles and Chicago were separated by St. Louis, California, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

BRAND—**GUSTAV THONI** of Italy gained his second straight men's Alpine World Cup with 154 points when he finished second in the last of six events—the slalom and the giant slalom at Pinz Luge, France. France's Henri Dardel, who had led the points standings going into the final week of the events, finished second, for the second year in a row, with 142 points, while Edmund Bruggmann

of Switzerland, winner of the last two giant slalom races, came in third with 140 points. A NINA MAAR, PROCELL of Austria, who had clinched the women's World Cup earlier in the season, finished second in the final giant slalom, and up won a record 260 points. France's bronze medalist, Mauch (137) and Brit Laidage (128) followed Nina Procell in the standings.

TRAGIC FLOOD—**DURIE HEALD** set a world indoor women's record with 4:36 in leaving the U.S. to a sweep of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. indoor meet in Richmond (page 14). Top performances were scored by California's 18.95 m. and 40.10 m. three-round world mark in the 15-pound weight throw by Lisa and a 34' 5½" heave, and JOHN C. HART, who set an American record in the triple jump with a 37' 7 leap, 71½ beyond the old mark.

NAIRPODS—**JUMPED** **CHARLIE SCOTT**, 23, the ABA's leading scorer, from the Virginia Squires to the Phoenix Suns of the NBA, claiming his contract had been voided. Scott became the first ABA player to switch leagues during the season in the past two years.

REINVENTED **STAN WATTS**, 68, as head coach, pulled coach at Brigham Young, for seasons of bubble. Watts, who won two MIT titles and eight conference championships in compiling a 411-260 record in 23 seasons at BYU, will be coached by Assistant Coach GLENN POTTER, 34.

SHIFTED **THE CINCINNATI REDS** NBA franchise to Kansas City, effective at the end of the season, because of poor home attendance. "It was clear by last December the team was not going to make it in Cincinnati," said General Manager Joe Aleson. "Kansas City is a great basketball city. Cincinnati is not." Aleson failed to mention that the Reds had never won a divisional title, much less league championship, in the 13 years since they moved from Rochester (where they took two titles and one championship), and had only five seasons over .500, the last one seven years ago.

DIED **Hall of Fame HAROLD (Doc) RAY'S** NOB, 75, survived the best third baseman in the history of baseball, at a respiratory ailment in Pittsburgh, Trainor, a supertalent fielder, compiled a .329 batting average in 17 seasons (1920-35, 1937) with the Pittsburgh Pirates, reaching .366 in 1930. He played in one World Series, and won one but for a .346 average against the Washington Senators in 1925, and managed the Pirates from 1934 through 1939.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Sirs:

My congratulations to Tex Maule on his successful battle against myocardial infarction (*Running Scared*, March 13). His account is an excellent example of the fact that many men are able to overcome physical disability by participating in sports. Although I certainly do not agree with unlimited exercise after a heart attack without a doctor's direction, slow, progressive exercise has been shown to be effective treatment for these patients. Mr. Maule's words should be an inspiration to many middle-aged men who have felt their sporting lives ended by a heart attack. I intend to recommend his book to many of my patients.

W. H. EVANSKEY, M.D.
Charleston, S. C.

Sirs:

Tex Maule's fine article made chills run up and down my spine as it is almost an exact description of my life for the past four years.

LIE WITT
Carthage, Ill.

Sirs:

Tex Maule's story may be the necessary catalyst to get some of our more inactive, deconditioned citizens, men and women, to do more than sit up and take notice. I appreciated the article immensely because Mr. Maule's is not an isolated case. There are more than two million Americans who suffer heart attacks each year and more than half of them are not as lucky as he was in surviving.

Mr. Maule mentioned reading Dr. Kenneth Cooper's book *Aerobics*. I read it immediately after finishing the article and I believe this book will stimulate people into getting themselves in shape, if they will just read it and do what it says. I want to thank Mr. Maule from the bottom of my still-healing heart for gracing us sports fans with his story. It made me realize I am lucky to be young, with plenty of years left ahead of me to get myself into better shape so that I may live a longer, happier, fuller life. I just hope that more people will read his article, and then Dr. Cooper's book, and realize that there really is much to live for.

DAVID CORR
Peetmouth, R. I.

Sirs:

As an immunologist, I was interested in Tex Maule's description of his treatment in Switzerland. Injection of whole cells from an unborn lamb would merely stimulate Mr. Maule's immune response to reject the cells from his body. The graft of lamb cells would

no more survive, as indicated by the article, than any graft of foreign tissue. Be it from lamb or human origin, Tell Tex Maule he had no reason to fear for "his" lamb cells, they were long gone while he was worrying about them. Come on, Tex, you have got to be pulling it on.

RONALD E. PAQUE
Oak Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Though Tex Maule's excellent article should interest a lot of people in jogging, I believe it gives a mistaken impression. Tex appears to think that distance running is made tolerable only by compensation.

There is serenity and delight in solitary movement through a quiet, natural setting. There is a joy in running, a celebration of one's initiative and pleasure in having the ability and will to exercise. I believe running cannot be fully rewarding unless it is enjoyed.

DOANE HOLLINS
Philadelphia

Sirs:

Under jogging handicaps, you might add, say, an elevation slightly above 7,200 feet (up here, the problem isn't how we use the oxygen we get—it's getting it), some morning temperatures of 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a foot of new snow on the ground and a truculent moose in the road. In case you are not familiar with the latter, a truculent moose is a horse of another color.

HAMMER RILEY
Pinedale, Wyo.

SUMMING UP

Sirs:

Reading your report on college basketball in the West (*THE WEEK*, March 13), I was amused by John Wooden's ominous warning: "It will take a very good team, playing a very good game, to beat us." A look at his schedule indicates he has not played a very good team all year, with the majority of UCLA's games played within the friendly confines of Pauley Pavilion. It would have been interesting to see how his youngsters would have fared playing their third game at Memphis State and, later, an away game at South Carolina as Marquette did. Perhaps his team would have won going away; however, he will never know since UCLA was not put to the test. As a matter of fact, his main (actual and potential) foes even helped in furthering the Uclans' ultimate winning record. Paul Westphal of Southern Cal injured his knee and Jimmy Chones of Marquette joined the pros.

ROBERT W. HAUG
Elm Grove, Wis.

Sirs:

Once again the NCAA is showing what a lousy basketball tournament it can run. Teams that can't carry your Aunt Tilly's Adidas bag draw byes while a slew of Eastern teams—the region includes the South—battle like rats for a toothed in the quarterfinals. The tournament should be seeded without regard to region, and all the games should be played in one arena where fans who may never have seen the teams before can get to know and prize them as they advance to the finals. In all of sport is there anything as dull as two mismatched teams playing a one-night stand on a neutral court?

K. C. MUVO
Newtown, Conn.

FOR GULFSTREAM

Sirs:

I must take issue with those outspoken owners and trainers in Whitney Tower's article (*Life of Leisure for the Upper Class*, March 13) who pilloried Gulfstream Park as being unfit "for man or beast."

I was a visitor to Gulfstream in late January and am happy to report that it was very fit. The races were consistently competitive, even though such perennial snobs as Greenleaf, Darby Dan, Rokeby, Digen Platts and others were intentionally absent, we didn't miss them. The grounds were neat and well kept, and the patrons were royally accommodated. To the individual racing fan, these factors are all-important, and Gulfstream excelled in all three.

I, too, missed the flowers and the flamings at Hialeah, but Gulfstream deserved its chance at the lucrative midwinter racing dates. It fought for them for 28 arduous years and, now that the meeting is completed, the cold statistics, not the pompous denunciations of racing's chic elite, shall determine if Mr. Donn gets to keep them.

ROBERT L. HELINGER
Louisville

Sirs:

Whitney Tower's article was so completely biased and so completely ignored the facts that I feel compelled to set the record straight.

Mr. Tower states, "Attendance and handle [at Gulfstream] hardly compared with past seasons at Hialeah." Mr. Tower chose to ignore the fact that Gulfstream suffered 18 off tracks during its 40-day meeting, operated with one less Saturday program than Hialeah, opened without the tremendous boom produced in the previous year by the Super Bowl and, despite these and other adversities, ended up with excellent attendance and wagering totals that do compare extremely well with Hialeah. Gulfstream's

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

attendance was down only 2 3/4, and Gulfstream's wagering was down only 5 2/3, compared to Hialeah's preceding season totals.

Mr. Tower also chose to ignore the fact that in 1987 when Hialeah suffered 15 off tracks, its betting was down 6 1/2 from the preceding year.

Once the abnormal rainfall abated, Gulfstream surpassed Hialeah on eight of its final 10 days. What is more, Mr. Tower did not report that Gulfstream's closing day, Florida Derby Day, established a record for any Florida track on a weekday when \$2,820,532 was wagered. The Florida Derby Day attendance (28,766) was the largest for any Florida track for the second straight year.

Nor did Mr. Tower mention the salient fact that thoroughbred tracks throughout the U.S., with the exception of those in California, generally are down in wagering and attendance as a reflection of the national economy, and Tropical Park, which immediately preceded Gulfstream, was down 7 8/9 in wagering and down 5 6/7 in attendance.

Finally, Mr. Joe Hirsch, quoted by Mr. Tower, has denied he ever made the statement to Mr. Tower. Therefore, I may assume other quotes from unnamed people in Mr. Tower's article also lack veracity.

May I respectfully suggest that *SEVEN* illustrate a reporter who is dedicated to reporting facts in covering future events at Gulfstream.

JAMES DENNIS JR.
President
Gulfstream Park Racing
Association, Inc.

Hallandale, Fla.

● Mr. Hirsch does not deny making the statement to Mr. Tower but says that he did not expect to be quoted.—ED.

EXPANDING HOCKEY

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey's article *See the Pickleballs Wobble In* (Feb. 28) has me convinced that hockey is doomed. In 1967 the NHL doubled its size to 12 teams. That was mistake No. 1. But the NHL could not resist making blunder No. 2: granting two new franchises for operation in 1970. The NHL has since added to its woes by adding two more teams for the 1972-73 season and probably will add another two by 1975. There is absolutely no way in which parity can be achieved in such a short period of time.

With the proposed WHA, poorer quality hockey will abound. Sure, parity may come, but we can see the same brand of hockey at a high school game. Dennis Murphy states that this lack of quality would be offset by "Some exciting rules innovations." Exciting for the fans maybe, but what about the players? How many of them will relish the

thought of playing 10 extra minutes under more stress just to break a tie before catching a plane for another game the next night? The schedule is already too long and too tough.

GORDY FORESTER

St. Clair Beach, Ontario

Says:

It appears that the only way the WHA will get off the ground will be to promote lighting on skates, plus some ridiculous rule changes like no center line and orange pucks, yet. To add to the rule changes, I would like to suggest that they eliminate the first 20 minutes of the game completely and have the best forwards and defencemen in the art of footcuffs line up on their respective blue lines, without gloves and sticks. They could incorporate the winners' points in the final game score.

Fight night at the Forum, or the Gardens, never has appealed to me. In my book, the players with class seldom are involved in dropping sticks and gloves to get rid of their frustrations, e.g., Jean Beliveau, Dave Keon and Gordie Howe, the latter with some reservations. I won't watch junior hockey here in Edmonton because of the brawling tactics. The "third man theme" in the National Hockey League is acceptable to me on the grounds that at least one or the other opponent will not get a teammate to hold the other guy while he beats the sissy out of him.

Let's play hockey!

JOHN P. LOUIE

Edmonton, Alberta

Says:

Dennis Murphy of the WHA seems to feel he is going to change hockey. First off he will eliminate ties. This may be for the good of the sport, but orange pucks? That would be like Greg Landis or John Brodie throwing a purple football. And how is eliminating the red line at center ice going to make the game more offensive? Finally, the idea of goals scored in the last two minutes of the game counting double is absurd. What happens to the team that scores two goals throughout the game on magnificent play offensively and defensively, then, with less than two minutes to play, loses to an opposing team that scores one goal but receives two for the price of one?

Something else that bothers me greatly is the fact that so many "fans" (both Canadian and American) go to a hockey game to see fights instead of hockey. Most true fans want to watch clean, fast hockey. If we want to watch riots, we can turn on the news at six or 11. Fighting only cheapens the sport.

NEIL CORNWALL

Kingsville, Ontario

(continued)

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10TH HOLE continued

SWITCHING GAMES

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle should be commended for his excellent article *An Old Ball for The Bowl* (March 6). However, he states that the 49ers probably had the first team of pro football players to play basketball in the off season beginning in 1933.

In 1948 the Philadelphia Eagles, resident in green uniforms, played the Shippensburg (Pa.) State Teachers College Red Ruder basketball team before approximately 600 spectators at Shippensburg. The "stars" of the game were, of course, Steve Van Buren and Pete Pihos, neither of whom scored any points. The Eagles were relaxed and friendly and conducted themselves like champions. They stayed long after the game was over, signing autographs and talking with the kids who had come to see them play a sport that was unfamiliar for them.

The pro football version of basketball has evolved from the post-World War II days. It is gratifying to read that men like Dove Costa of the Denver Broncos are continuing to be successful in their efforts to show the fans the human side of pro football.

JOHN E. HUNAY

Vice-president for Student Personnel
Shippensburg State College
Shippensburg, Pa.

Sirs:

The Washington Redskins played regularly in my hometown in Maryland, perhaps as early as 1946.

ROBERT K. FRASTER

Action, Md.

ART ARAGON'S TRIAL

Sirs:

With reference to your article *You Go Poow, Poow and I'll Go Pow* (Feb. 14), I fear there is a little editorializing in the reference to Mr. Art Aragon.

The order denying a new trial was reversed and the matter did go back down for further trial. The reversal of the guilty verdict was based on more than some mere procedural point. The reversal was based on the fact that the prosecution relied very heavily on the results of a lie-detector test, which were wholly inadmissible in court. It is this very serious error that contributed to the reversal.

There were other errors as well. As the court stated "In our opinion, the defendant did not have a fair trial as that term is understood under our system of law."

I hope the above clarifies what appears to be some editorial bias in the article.

W. STUART HORN

Fresno, Calif.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Beginning with his football days at Rutgers, when sportswriters hailed him in such pulp-fiction terms as "the colored giant" or "the dark cloud," Paul Robeson established himself as one of the most variously gifted men of his time. He was also among the most embattled, his espousal of unpopular causes gradually obscuring his protean achievements. Now 73 and ailing, this son of a runaway slave can claim the distinction of having been cheered as an All-American and reviled as un-American all within the same remarkable lifetime.

Even after his friendship with the Soviet Union brought him into disfavor at home, Robeson continued to find adulation in other places. A large man with an almost Olympian presence, he won acclaim as an actor in London in the years following his graduation from Rutgers in 1919, and his rich basso enthralled audiences on concert tours through Western Europe, Africa and behind the Iron Curtain. Robeson's compass today is far narrower: he lives modestly in a largely black neighborhood in Philadelphia, no longer raising his voice in anger or song. He has made no public appearances since the death of his wife in 1965, and he defers in political matters to his son Paul Jr.

The younger Robeson says his father's Marxism remains as fervent as ever, but if Robeson's sympathies have not changed, public reaction has. His recordings, once banned from radio because of his political views, are showing up in music stores again and his autobiographical manifesto, *Here I Stand*, long out of print, has recently been reissued by Beacon Press.

It has been a fitful process, but Robeson has enjoyed a particularly robust revival at his alma mater, too. A writer for *Tarzong*, the Rutgers paper, said upon Robeson's graduation, "May Rutgers never forget this noble son," yet during the McCarthy years some alumni contemplated having his name stricken from the New Jersey school's alumni publications. Today Rutgers' new student center is named after him, and at a public ceremony honoring Robeson in New Brunswick two years ago former Rutgers President Mason Gross acknowledged him as "one of Rutgers' most distinguished graduates."

Robeson is not sufficiently redeemed, however, to have gained induction into

the college Football Hall of Fame, an oversight made all the more glaring by the fact that the shrine is situated at Rutgers, where the first college game was played in 1869. If that game was the biggest milestone in Rutgers' football history, the second biggest was probably Paul Robeson's arrival there in 1915.

The son of a minister who had fled slavery in North Carolina as a teen-ager, Robeson became an improbable Frank Merriwell. He won his class oratorical contest four straight years, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and chosen commencement speaker of Rutgers' Class of 1919. At 6' 3" and 194 pounds, he starred in four sports—football, baseball, basketball and track—and is credited with once having saved a student who fell over a canal embankment.

Robeson had the personality to properly complete the picture. "He was a modest and genial young man," remembers Harry Rockefeller, an end on the 1915 team who later served for many years as Rutgers' athletic director. Once Robeson's gifts became known, he was called upon for spirituals at the weekly team dinner, and it was not uncommon to find him walking along College Avenue arm-in-arm with Coach George Foster Sanford, their voices joined in a rousing rendition of *On the Banks of the Swinno*. But such camaraderie developed only after Robeson—known in time as "Robey"—had met and overcome strong resistance to the idea of a black football player at Rutgers.

"Coach Sanford called us together and said a Negro was coming out," remembers one of Robeson's teammates, Ralph White, now a retired textile agent in Massachusetts. "We said, 'Send him out—we'll kill him.'"

Harry Rockefeller insists that the rough treatment Robeson received was the same meted out to white freshmen players. But when a white teammate stepped on his hand, tearing off several fingernails, Robeson ran out of patience. He flung the man violently to the ground, then played in a rage the rest of the afternoon. Sanford watched the havoc until the welfare of his squad seemed in jeopardy, and he finally bellowed: "All right, Robeson, you're on the varsity."

Robeson thereafter directed his wrath against Rutgers' opponents. For his debut Sanford sent Robeson in at tackle against Rensselaer Poly, and Rutgers'

Paul Robeson: Remaking a Fallen Hero

After 25 years, public fury is crumbling before historical fact
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Paul Robeson continued

first black player quickly recovered a fumble to set up a Scarlet touchdown in a 96-6 romp. As the season went on, Robeson became a starting tackle, and Rutgers finished with a 7-1 record.

During the following summer Robeson worked at Rhode Island's Narragansett Pier, where many Negro collegians were waiters and busboys. He made friends there with a Brown University football player named Frederic (Fritz) Pollard, who often played the piano that summer while Paul sang. Pollard recalls Robey's game against Brown that fall. Although Brown won 21-3, Robeson was marvelous in defeat, especially on defense. Pollard, now a retired public-relations man in New Rochelle, N.Y., says, "Robey would tear you to pieces. Then he'd reach down, pick you up and ask, 'Did I hurt you?'" Robeson and Pollard both became All-Americans.

Well over 200 pounds now, playing end and occasionally linebacker, Robeson was a menacing figure in baggy sweaters, moleskins and scarlet socks. He tore open giant holes for Rutgers' ball-carriers, made circus catches of passes and roamed the field on defense. A New York *Herald Tribune* writer was moved to describe him luridly as "a veritable Othello of Battle."

Rutgers lost only three of 16 games in 1917 and 1918. In a 90-0 rout of a World War I service team, Fort Wadsworth, Robey caught touchdown passes of 40 and 37 yards. In a 14-10 loss to Syracuse, the only defeat for a 1917 team still regarded as one of Rutgers' best, he caught two passes and intercepted another to halt a Syracuse drive. He outplayed Frankie Frisch in a 27-6 win over Fordham, and five days before Armistice Day in 1918 led Rutgers to a 41-0 win over Hoboken Naval Transport, whose star, Charlie Brickley, had been a three-time All-America at Harvard. Early in the game Robeson tackled Brickley so hard that the celebrated halfback spent the rest of the day dawdling in the back-ground. (Freeze the moment to extract an irony: Brickley was convicted in the 1930s of grand larceny, and he, too, has been kept out of the Hall of Fame.)

Robeson's finest hour came in his junior year against the Newport Naval Reserve. Ballyhooed at the time as the finest collection of talent ever assembled on one team, Newport was unbeaten and unscored upon. It boasted onetime All-Americans at nearly every position,

including Yale's Clinton Black, Cornell's Charley Barrett and Syracuse's Chris Schlachter. But Robeson and the rest of the Rutgers line, outweighed by 20 pounds a man, gained the upper hand during a 62-yard touchdown drive that included a 15-yard pass from Quarterback Bud Whitehill to Robeson. When Rutgers recovered a Newport fumble on the following kickoff and quickly moved to the enemy six, surprise turned to shock. Shock turned to awe when a Whitehill-to-Robeson pass made it 14-0. Newport, desperate to score in the second half, ran wide, but Robey was always there to bury the bulkerrier. On line plunges he was immovable. When Newport did manage a serious threat at the Rutgers 28, Robeson ended it with an interception. The final score was 14-0. Walter Camp, who was there, later called Robeson "the greatest defensive end to ever trod the gridiron."

Enrolling in Columbia Law School after his Rutgers days, Robeson ventured out on weekends—at up to \$500 a game—as one of a handful of big-name stars in the new American Professional Football Association, forerunner of the NFL. He played for clubs in Hammond, Ind., Akron, Ohio and Milwaukee but quit after three seasons for a career on the stage.

Robeson began acting with appearances in productions at a YWCA in Harlem, but before long, after taking his degree from Columbia in 1923 and briefly practicing law, he was starring in two Eugene O'Neill plays, *All God's Children Got Fingers* and *Emperor Jones*. Launching his singing career next, he gave a concert of Negro spirituals in Greenwich Village, a performance that moved Alexander Woolcott to acclaim him "the finest musical instrument wrought by nature in our time." Success abroad followed, including stardom in the English production of *Sabin*. *Boat* and a London triumph in 1930 in *Othello*, a role he would also play in New York in 1943 in what remains the longest Shakespearean run in Broadway history.

During the Depression years, starting with his first trip to the Soviet Union in 1934, Robeson emerged as a political figure. "I walked in dignity for the first time," he said of his Russian experience, and soon he was actively supporting left-wing causes. He sang for Loyalist troops in Spain and for coal miners in Wales. Back in the U.S., he refused to perform

before Jim Crow audiences. When the Cold War began in the late 1940s, Robeson came under attack by congressional investigators, one of whom demanded to know why he did not move to the Soviet Union.

"Because," Robeson answered, "my father was a slave, and my people died to build this country, and I am going to stay right here and have a part of it just like you."

By now a deeply controversial figure, Robeson was barred from performing in some cities, and a concert at which he was to sing in Peekskill, N.Y., ended in a riot. When he refused in 1950 to sign an affidavit that he was not a Communist Party member (an affiliation he had already denied in testimony in California in 1946), the State Department revoked his passport. Eight years later the Supreme Court struck down the affidavit requirement, and Robeson traveled behind the Iron Curtain before ill health brought him home in 1963.

Robeson was simply a man ahead of

his time, a generation of young Americans has escalated protest far beyond speeches and passive resistance. He stood practically alone in 1949 when he deemed it "unthinkable that American Negroes could go to war on behalf of those who have oppressed us for generations." Long before anybody made much of black pride, Robeson was learning such African dialects as Yoruba and Efik—among some 20 languages he spoke with varying fluency—and urging U.S. blacks to affirm their African heritage. By 1964 Robeson was able to observe with satisfaction that "today it is the Negro artist who does not speak out who is considered to be out of line."

The Establishment attitudes in sport concerning Robeson's political activity have been predictably slow to change. At least one football publication listed only a 10-man All-America team for 1918 rather than print Robeson's name. The Football Hall of Fame took a similar tack in failing to list him among its 330 immortals. "We take into account citi-

zenship as well as accomplishments on the field," explains Jimmie McDowell, the shrine's executive director. "We want a player's activities after college to bring honor to the game." The remark implies that the Hall of Fame screens and approves the politics of every Red Grange and Sammy Baugh, a premise that is not only questionable but irrelevant. Since reversing its field on Robeson, Rutgers has been plumping forthrightly for his election into the shrine. Les Unger, the school's sports-information director, says pointedly, "We're officially proud of Robeson now." Somehow, it still sounds less wholehearted than an earlier view, one expressed in the *Scarlet Letter*, the Rutgers yearbook, on the occasion of Robeson's graduation more than a half century ago.

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your BankAmericard bank promptly thus preventing fraudulent use of your card, and it won't cost you a penny.

These are just some of the reasons why millions of people think of BankAmericard as a sensible kind of money. If you want to be one of them, we invite you to apply for one at the BankAmericard bank or participating merchant near you.



Think of it as money.



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